HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXIX.—No. 1491.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1885.
TEN CENTS A COPY.
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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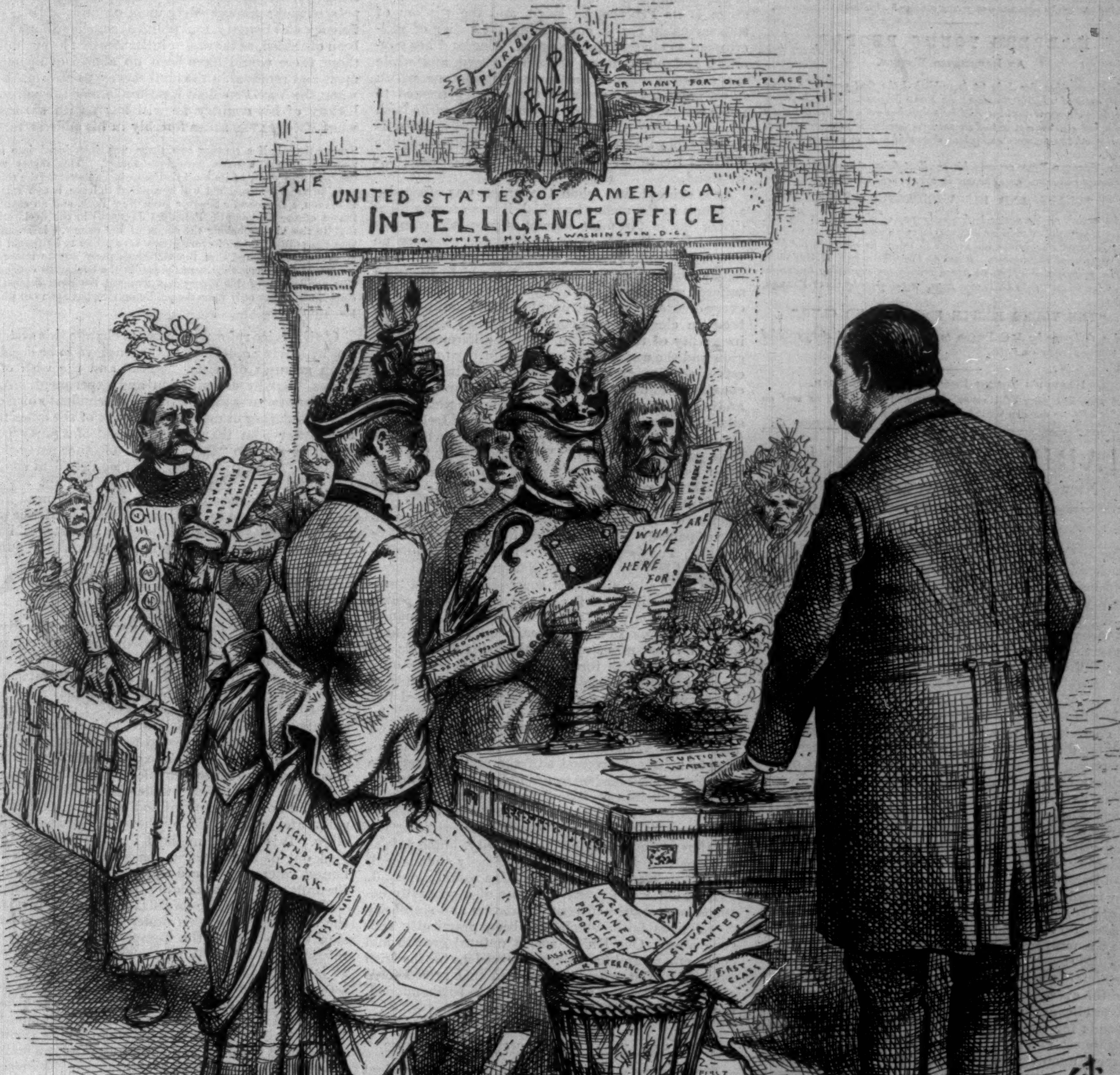
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In the number for July 14 is published the first part of a short serial, entitled "Little Bamboo," by Noah Brooks. *It is the story of a little Japanese maiden, and is interesting not only for the story it tells, but also on account of its faithfulness to the peculiar characteristics of the persons and place described. It is very well illustrated.*

Mr. Howard Pyle *resumes his excellent fairy stories, which he so charmingly illustrates. The one in the current number is entitled*

"CLAUS AND HIS WONDERFUL STAFF."

An article on the oyster is from the pen of Miss Sarah Cooper, *whose treatment of similar subjects is well known.* Charles Ledyard Norton *contributes an article in which he describes the little known game of Badminton. It has an illustration by* F. M. Gregory.

The principal illustrations are a front-page engraving to accompany the serial "Into Unknown Seas," a full-page by Gray-Parker, *called*

"THE YOUNG PEOPLE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB,"

and a full-page by J. C. Beard *to illustrate a short story entitled "Tommy Harmon's Lasso."*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, July 18, 1885.

A USELESS DEBATE.

THERE is a lively discussion whether the Republican State Convention in New York should be held before or after the Democratic Convention, and some journals advise that the Republican should be held last, that it may have the usual advantage of a minority party. This means that the minority should endeavor to profit by the blunders of its adversary. In politics, as in war, that is always a good rule. But the trouble in this case is that neither party can compel the other to move first, so that it is hardly worth while to waste time in arguing the question.

There is another and conclusive reason for suspending the discussion. That reason is that a course may be pursued by each party which makes that of the other a matter of entire indifference. If the Republican party, for instance, is wise, it will not rely for success this year upon its Democratic and Butler allies of last year, nor suppose that the aid of Tammany Democrats can repair the defection of original Republicans, nor attempt to make denunciation of bad Democrats in the Southern States serve as a cover for nominating unfit Republicans in the State of New York. Sagacious generals, when they have been defeated, do not content themselves with saying that it was a temporary reverse, and with endeavoring to belittle the enemy. They consider carefully the real reasons of the reverse, and endeavor to overcome them. In the ever-renewed battle between right and wrong, Republicans naturally feel that the Republican party stands for the right, as Senator Hoar says. But a dishonest man can not possibly stand for honesty, except upon the plea that a Republican as a Republican is necessarily an honest man, as certain Roman Catholics maintained that a bad man might be a good Pope. It will not be enough, we should suppose, that the candidate is a thick and thin party man. He must represent the spirit and purpose of the Republican party as they are accepted by the best Republicans, whether they always vote the regular ticket or not.

Still further, if the party be wise, it will not attempt, in the face of familiar and recent facts in its record, to assume to be distinctively and exclusively the civil service reform party, as it was peculiarly, in other days, the party opposed to the extension of slavery. It will remember, also, that mere party spirit, and hatred of temperance voters and Mugwumps, and the cries and passions of the war, will not suffice for victory. If, therefore, the Republican Convention, in the old Republican spirit of justice and equality, should announce a generally progressive policy in national affairs, and a policy of honesty and economy and repudiation of jobbery in State affairs (which would necessitate the defeat of the renomination of many Republicans who were especially active in the last Legislature), and should then nominate candidates who would be in themselves proof of the sincerity of the platform professions—which a great many gentlemen politically conspicuous would not be—whatever the course of the Democrats may be, the Republican Convention would have done all that it could for success. But if it should do this, what difference would it make whether it met before or after the Democratic Convention? And if it should not do this, upon what grounds would it expect to carry the election?

THE TORY POLICY IN IRELAND.

The decision of the Tory Ministry in England to abandon coercion in Ireland is one of the most important of recent public events. It is, indeed, a policy of common-sense, because if the history of that country establishes any single truth, it is the futility of exceptional coercive laws. The folly of Conservatism is its Procrustean spirit, and the wisdom of statesmanship lies in conforming the policy of government to change and progress. England has governed Ireland with an apparent hatred, and while the savagery and barbarism and ignorance which have prevailed in parts of the country seemed to make union with England ridiculous, and while Irish crime has been often fearful in its details, yet it is indisputable that it has been largely fostered by the political treatment which Ireland has received from England.

It is evident that when the union was effected—although in the means by which it was accomplished it was one of the most corrupt of jobs—the country should have been held as a conquered province no longer. A union under which the law imposed such radical disabilities as those under which Irishmen suffered was absurd, and every history of Ireland and every debate upon the removal of the disabilities have been an eloquent and emphatic protest against the inequality of the relation. If the difference of religion and the undoubted Catholic hostility to the Protestant supremacy and succession were held to be a constant and dangerous menace to England, and separation of the two countries was impracticable, the situation was an argument for holding Ireland by the strong hand, but not for the policy which has been generally pursued. Yet undoubtedly the situation has been very complicated and very difficult, and when a government like that of Mr. Gladstone came into power, whose chiefs were especially considerate of Ireland and friendly, the sincere co-operation of patriotic Irishmen might have produced happy results. The feeling, however, had become so imbittered that latterly such co-operation was impossible.

The Tory administration succeeds to the old troublesome question, and for whatever reason the policy of non-coercion may have been adopted, it is unquestionably wise. It is, however, necessarily the key-note of other measures. If the Irish demands are not to be met with force, they can be appeased only by acquiescence. Some large and liberal measure of home rule must be conceded, and, as we stated last week, the form of home rule which Mr. Davitt demands is the practical independence of Canada and Australia. What that would be in Ireland it is not easy to infer. Universal suffrage and an electorate directed by such leaders as are now familiarly known would result in a parliament and a domestic administration for which Canada and Australia furnish no precedent. If a situation should arise requiring the interference of the imperial authority, home rule as a permanent policy would be seriously endangered. The example of the American Union would not avail. This Union was formed of States of a generally homogeneous and intelligent population and similarity of religious faith which had been practically self-governing. Our Union was a natural growth and development, and furnishes no precedent for the Irish situation. But when it is agreed that armed force and disabilities and inequalities are to be abandoned, the next steps will become clearer.

TWO SERMONS FROM THE SAME TEXT.

On the same day, a week or two ago, Vice-President Hendricks made a speech to the Democratic Bay State Club in Boston, and an address of Mr. E. O. Graves, the head of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving in Washington, was read, in his necessary absence, at the alumni meeting of Hobart College, at Geneva, New York. Mr. Hendricks's speech was mainly devoted to civil service reform, and Mr. Graves chose the same subject for his address. Indeed, it is no wonder that all orators treat it as a burning question when a Democratic President appoints an Independent Republican to the headship of the bureau in the Treasury which, as he says, has long been regarded as "the special preserve of patronage and influence," and when that officer says, as the result of more practical knowledge and experience and more careful thought upon the question than most members of Congress and most political editors possess, that "for the great evils of the methods of administration there is only one remedy, and that is to apply to all official places of every grade, the few great offices by which the policy of the Government is shaped alone excepted, the rule of impartial selection." The prodigious progress of the reform could not be illustrated more strongly than by the fact that such an officer, so appointed, should make such a public declaration, the sincerity of which his official practice has long attested.

The well-meaning speech of the Vice-President shows an interesting ignorance both of the object and the methods of reform. He says that when President Pierce appointed him Commissioner of the General Land-office he entered upon the duties, found the work greatly in arrears, took time to ascertain what clerks were inefficient and deserving of dismissal, and those he dismissed with sole reference to the work in hand. That, he says, he thought was reform. The *naïveté* of the Indiana statesman is very pleasant. He knows little, it seems, of the wicked world. But if this had been the Arcadian method of administration, if clerks and other employés had been appointed and removed solely upon grounds of their efficiency and honesty, and political considerations had been excluded, as the orator intimates that he excluded them, there would have been no abuses of appointment and removal in the civil service to reform. But when the Vice-President has time to read the political history of his country he will learn with surprise, what Mr. Graves states forcibly in his address, that

> "more than half a century ago there was introduced into our political system a most pernicious theory. This theory was summed up by one of its most distinguished adherents [the reference, as the Vice-President will be amazed to learn, is to William L. Marcy, a Democratic Senator from New York, and an especial friend of the Democratic President Jackson] in the declaration that to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy. It assumed that the public offices of every grade were prizes to be fought for at every election, and that the victorious party was to take possession of them as if they were the spoils of a barbarous conquest. The application of this theory has wrought the most deplorable consequences not only upon the public service, but upon our whole political system."

Civil service reform proposes to change this system, not by leaving efficiency in the employé to be decided upon grounds of party "work" and the wish of a "boss," but by examination and experiment. And experience proves that for the Vice-President's own object of securing fit men for the work of the office this is a better plan than the judgment of a party politician exposed to "the pressure" of other party politicians. It is curious that the Vice-President should not have heard that appointments are not always made for the reasons which he says influenced him. But when he goes to Washington next winter he will perhaps discover what improper advantages have been taken of his long absence to pervert the public service to party purposes.

JOBBERY.

The outrage of jobbery was never more signally illustrated than by the late appointment of a commission in the city of New York to superintend placing the electric wires under-ground. The appointment should have been given to the Mayor alone, that somebody might be held directly responsible. But the job was prepared in the late Legislature, which, although Republican, has as bad a record for honesty as any Legislature of late years. The object of such arrangements is generally to provide for some professional politician, a man who "undertakes" primaries, caucuses, and other important bodies, in the interest of a party, and who is paid by the salary of some public office. It is by such methods that the people are juggled out of their part in the government, and that honest voters are forced to the alternative of voting for unfit candidates or aiding the defeat of their party.

The bargain in the Legislature resulted in giving the appointment of this under-ground wire commission to the Mayor, the Comptroller, and the Commissioner of Public Works. The duty is important. It is to decide how and where the wires are to be buried, and the commissioners receive $5000 a year. The appointing officers duly assembled. The Mayor nominated Professor Chandler, of the Columbia College School of Mines (a gentleman whose scientific standing is familiar), Mr. Frank L. Pope, an eminent electrician, and Mr. John P. Townsend, the President of the Maritime Exchange, and a well-known business man. They were defeated by the votes of the Comptroller and the Commissioner of Public Works, and Mr. Theodore Moss, a well-known theatre manager, Mr. Jacob Hess, a professional Republican politician, and Mr. Loew, a manager of steamboats and a brother of the Comptroller, were appointed. Mayor Low, of Brooklyn, has just shown by his selections the kind of men who should have been appointed, and whatever else may be truly said of the New York gentlemen, they might have been as wisely and fitly placed upon the committee of revision of the Old Testament as upon this commission.

The motives of the traders in the Legislature and of those who consummated the job are tolerably evident. Of course, also, when the public interest and official fitness are plainly not the reasons of appointment, the possibility of the influence of the corporations that are affected by the law is unpleasantly suggested. But the moral for the individual voter is that if such flagrant jobbery, with the increased taxation and "scamping" of work which it entails, is to be avoided, it can be done only by preventing the election of jobbers to the Legislature, and as it is by just such means that jobbers carry primaries and secure nominations, their defeat is to be secured by turning Mugwump for that vote and refusing to support the jobber. If the Republican legislative traders who arranged this job should be renominated, will any honest Republican think that he ought to vote for them against honest and reputable opponents, because he believes in protection, and because colored citizens are prevented from voting at some polls in the Southern States? Granting all that is said about these polls, why should there be Republican rascality in Northern States because there is Democratic violence in Southern States? Is it not clear that the more evident the rascality, the more excusable will seem the violence? And how long do intelligent Republicans, in order to avoid the reproach of claiming to be holier than other men, propose to vote for Republican knaves because there are Democratic rascals?

OPENING OF THE NIAGARA RESERVATION.

The formal ceremony of taking "possession of the lands selected for the preservation of the scenery of the Falls of Niagara" will take place on Wednesday, July 15, at noon, and a pleasant and significant ceremony it will be. In his noble Phi Beta Kappa address in 1837, Mr. Emerson said of the literary festival, "Our holiday has been simply a friendly sign of the survival of the love of letters amongst a people too busy to give to letters any more. As such, it is precious as the sign of an indestructible instinct."

The reservation of the grounds around Niagara Falls for the purpose of preserving unimpaired the sublimity of the natural spectacle is a proof of the public consciousness of the value of such scenes to the people. It is to the same consciousness that we owe the parks which are laid out in great cities at the public expense as public pleasure-grounds. They are common benefits, for which the whole public properly pays; and it would have been a pain and a disgrace to every New-Yorker if the unparalleled wonder which Nature had intrusted to this imperial commonwealth had been suffered by that commonwealth to fall into neglect and practical obliteration.

As we have said more than once, it is a great satisfaction to know that the character of the Commissioners to whom the supervision of this work has been intrusted is the guarantee of the perfectly honest manner in which the reservation will be laid out and managed. The whole plan is of the utmost simplicity, contemplating only that rural seclusion which harmonizes with the character of the scene. The Niagara Reservation is a monument of true public spirit, and the success of the movement may well encourage every good citizen to persevere cheerfully in every similar enterprise which promises only a moral advantage to the State.

"PRETTY" BUSINESS.

The pretty electioneering of Lady Randolph Churchill for her husband has been elaborately described, and has naturally recalled Macaulay's description of the campaign of the Duchess of Devonshire for Fox. Lady Churchill, it seems, drove about with a bewitching tandem team, and sought with every proper blandishment to win votes for her lord. The performance was what the painters call a picturesque bit of color in the usually arid landscape of an election campaign.

Yet, under all its pretty aspect, it was the exercise of a very dangerous power in every community—the power of influence without responsibility. And why is it that those who would smile good-naturedly at a charming woman who asks men to vote against a certain candidate would recoil with aversion from the same woman if she asked to cast a vote against him herself? If the ladies are to be banished from the polls directly, why not indirectly? If Lady Churchill be not perfectly competent by intelligence and interest in the government to vote, how can she be competent properly to influence the voting of others?

Not that we would have forbidden the pretty tandem. Far from it. Her ladyship's interest in his lordship's success was perfectly legitimate, and as it was quite as intelligent as that of the majority of his supporters, there is no logical reason why it should not have been expressed in the same effective way. And the acutest reasoner at the club, as he applauded her ladyship's pretty pluck, would have found it very difficult to say, if her ladyship's groom, who sat in the rumble with his hands upon his knees, and held the horses while her ladyship went into the cottage and asked after the voter's baby's health, was competent to vote—as in this country he would be—why her ladyship was incompetent. Perhaps Lord Randolph, who wishes the Tory party to overturn the Liberal party in an Irish policy, would also wish to surpass it in extending the suffrage.

A POPULAR VERDICT.

There was never a less serious trial, probably, than that of Mrs. Dudley for shooting O'Donovan Rossa. Her name, Yseult, is so associated with the chief of English romantic legends that it suggests extraordinary incidents, and her trial was unquestionably unique. Conviction and a severe sentence would have affected the public mind very unpleasantly. The reason is the general conviction that Rossa is a cowardly inciter of ignorant men to commit dastardly crimes, and that he has not been prosecuted and punished as he should have been.

How Mrs. Dudley would escape was not clear, but there was little doubt that she would not be convicted. The verdict of insanity was received with smiling incredulity. Mental derangement did not appear in the remarks made by her at the trial, and her appeal was not in itself evidence of a disordered mind. We do not mean, however, to make light of it. If prosecuting officers fail to do their duty, or if the laws do not cover cases which they ought to cover, the remedy is not in individual action. Mrs. Dudley can not be permitted to try and condemn and execute O'Donovan Rossa because the law and its officers are remiss.

This, however, is clear, that when a man is shot by a woman, and public opinion, knowing the circumstances, absolves her and the jury which refuses to convict her, there has been provocation of a kind which the law and its officers certainly ought to notice. Law ought to punish an offense which public opinion authorizes a private person to punish at his discretion. If it be no offense to shoot O'Donovan Rossa, it is because the law ought to deal with him.

PROHIBITION IN OHIO.

The Prohibition party in Ohio has nominated candidates for State officers, and laid down a platform repudiating both the Republican and Democratic parties as practically subservient to the liquor interest, and demanding various reforms. Those who hold earnestly that drunkenness is an overwhelming evil, which increases rapidly and must be summarily arrested, naturally take the same course which the political antislavery men took forty years ago, and by which they defeated the Whig party and elected Mr. Polk.

The Whig argument with the antislavery voters was that the Whig party was more antislavery than the Democratic. But the reply was that, nevertheless, it was not an antislavery party. The Republicans have long and justly urged that their party is more friendly to temperance than the Democratic. But the reply is that it is not a prohibition party. Moreover, the Republican treatment of the Prohibition Presidential candidate last year, to state it gently, was not conciliatory. The St. Johnians were almost as savagely slandered by the Blaine Republicans as the Mugwumps themselves, and the present political situation favors their separate action.

Experience has shown, however, that the number of voters who regard the question of Prohibition as paramount to all others is not large. Even with the aid last year of a large body of Republicans who intended merely to protest against the Republican candidate, the St. John vote disappointed his actual supporters. Yet if the prohibition vote in Ohio may be regarded as a disaffected Republican vote, it might become, added to other defections for other reasons, a serious element in the Republican calculation in that State, where the party policy seems to be to repel every voter who for any reason declined to vote for Mr. Blaine.

OFFICIAL CHANGES IN NEW YORK.

In speaking last week of the political activity of the Collector at this port under the spoils system, when he was expected to make the Custom-house a party machine, we should have added that we did not mean to apply the remark to the retiring Collector. Judge Robertson, although, as he says, a strong party man, who would not hold the office under a Democratic President, and who thinks that the Collectorship under a Democratic Administration belongs to a Democrat, is understood faithfully to have observed the reform law, while his urbanity of manner and honorable spirit have made business intercourse with him most satisfactory, and he retires with hearty good-will on all sides.

Judge Robertson withdraws to the practice of his profession. But he is too much interested in politics and too popular a man to remain long out of prominent political activity. He has been always a very warm admirer and supporter of Mr. Blaine, and he is his especial political representative in this State. But, under the circumstances, that is hardly a source of strength to him, and the old Stalwarts do not regard him with affection.

Among the other changes in the national offices in New York is the replacement of Mr. Elihu Root, the late District Attorney, who has served to the general satisfaction, by Mr. Dorsheimer, a gentleman of high legal attainments, ability, and accomplishment, and of the best character. The same is true of the new Marshal, Mr. McMahon. These are offices which have long changed with the Administration, and the late District Attorney and Marshal had both resigned. But there is no good reason for the practice. Of course if the Administration should find that its measures and policy were in any way obstructed—of which it must be the judge—a change would be indispensable. But a District Attorney worthy of the trust would not allow his politics to make him officially unfaithful or reluctant. There are, indeed, comparatively few appointive offices that ought to change solely because of a change of party administration.

HOW TO DO GOOD.

It is an oft-repeated truth that one of the serious perplexities of persons of a charitable disposition in the city of New York, as in every great city, is to determine when alms-giving is really serviceable, and when it merely fosters crime and pauperism. This perplexity is relieved by the Charity Organization Society, which is an association directed by the most intelligent citizens, many of whom are experts on the subject, and the object of which is not to give relief, but to investigate and ascertain where relief is necessary.

The individual citizen generally knows nothing whatever of the person who appeals to him for charity, and he can not give the time to inquire. He is therefore constantly liable to disregard the deserving and to help the impostor. The church and other relief societies are constantly aiding the same person, and giving to one a relief which would be adequate for half a dozen. It is to prevent the evil consequences of this ignorance and confusion that the Charity Organization Society was formed, and it has been in active operation for two years and a half. It investigates all cases referred to it and reports accordingly, so that individuals and societies may know precisely what to do.

The society has nine district offices, with a central office at 21 University Place. During the two years and a half it has registered 64,500 cases of persons and families seeking relief. It has found temporary and permanent employment for really deserving persons, obtained admission into hospitals and charitable institutions for other persons, and procured relief for others from existing agencies. It is a most efficient and valuable intermediary. But it depends wholly upon voluntary gifts, of which it is now in great need. The suspension of its work would be a public misfortune. Its service, as every intelligent person can see, is of the utmost importance, and under its present management that service will be performed with absolute honesty and efficiency. Checks may be sent to James K. Gracie, 27 New Street, or George Alexander Brown, 64 Broadway, or to Charles D. Kellogg, the secretary, at 21 University Place. Those who wish to make their alms-giving truly effective should avail themselves of the aid of this society.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Thomas Nast is now on his way to Europe in search of rest and recreation. His name is indissolubly associated with municipal and national reform, and good citizens in every part of the land will wish him *bon voyage* and a prosperous return.

—Professor Huxley, who has been retired on a pension of about $6000 a year, came near accepting some very lucrative offers in 1876 to make a protracted stay in this country. He had just delivered a course of three lectures in Chickering Hall, New York, which were attended by strangers from New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, Portland, and other cities, and which netted him five thousand dollars. It was evident that he could easily quadruple that sum, and could be appointed to a very remunerative professorship in one of our colleges. He had a numerous young family, and he needed money. It was only by an act of great self-denial that he concluded to return to England, because of his duties there. To-day he is much broken in health, and would not "draw" as he did then.

—The late Mrs. Mary Jane Morgan, widow of Charles Morgan, was not only an enthusiastic collector of art treasures, but a trained connoisseur. Her pictures and bric-à-brac are valued at $2,000,000, and she was always glad to have her friends enjoy them. Many of the bronze ornaments in her house were made after her own designs. She was one of the kindest and most generous patrons of art that this country has seen, and many a young painter will regret her sudden death.

—Ex-President Andrew D. White, of Cornell University, says that he looks back with most satisfaction upon the fact that he has kept the peace with the Board of Trustees, which comprises twenty-four men of all creeds and parties, and with a Faculty of sixty men of all sorts of views and tempers.

—The financial and artistic success of the German opera-singers in this country last season has caused much dissatisfaction among their brothers at Frankfort-on-the-Rhine. Every member of the opera-house in that city is said to be hoping to be asked by Mr. E. C. Stanton or Mr. Walter Damrosch to come to this country and sing.

—The damage inflicted upon innocent citizens by the interviewer is illustrated by the case of Mr. James Russell Lowell, who has been driven to deny over his own name that he said disparaging words about Ireland and the Irish, and by the Rev. Dr. Duryea, who was falsely reported to have declared that he had received a call to the presidency of Cornell University.

—The possibility that a lady will be selected to fill the presidency of Vassar College causes one of the fair alumnæ of that institution to address us on the subject. She "devoutly hopes" that a man, and not a woman, will be chosen to succeed President Caldwell. "There are plenty of women," she says, "fitted by nature and by education to adorn the position, but the right sort of man can inspire girls better."

—Mr. Robert Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, has been visiting London, and the *World* of that city notes that "the impression is rapidly gaining ground that he is sincerely desirous of dealing in a fair and honorable spirit with the claims of his English constituents; and if this be so, the conduct of Mr. Garrett will contrast very favorably and completely with that of most of his compeers who manage—or mismanage—other American roads."

—Miss Helen Faucit, now Lady Martin, who has often played Juliet with great success, says of the speech to Romeo beginning "Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face," that, owing to its supreme subtlety of feeling and expression, "you will understand what a task is laid upon the actress to interpret, by voice and tone, by manner and action, all the fluctuations of emotion which pervade it. I considered this speech one of the most difficult in the play, and loved and dreaded it equally, always fearing to do too much or too little in it."

—The late Frank Buckland, the naturalist, when only twelve years old, used to keep an owl, a buzzard, or a raccoon in one of the lockers in his bedroom, and to feed hundreds of tame jackdaws, led by a villainous magpie, twice a day with bread and milk. He made a very comfortable waistcoat of the skins of cats, bats, and moles, and liked to eat squirrel pie and mice cooked in batter.

—Mr. Andrew Lang: "In one shape or another the tale of Cupid and Psyche, of the woman who is forbidden to see or name her husband, of the man with the vanished fairy bride, is known in most lands, even among barbarians. According to the story, the mystic prohibition is always broken, the hidden face is beheld, light is brought into the darkness, the forbidden name is uttered, the bride is touched with the forbidden metal, iron, and the union is ended."

—Professor J. Rendel Harris, who resigned his position at Johns Hopkins University because of the proposed introduction of the practice of vivisection into that institution, recently delivered a stirring address before the Anti-Vivisection Society of London. The *Spectator* commends "his excellent taste in declining to attack the university he had just quitted in order that he might pose as a martyr."

—Some recently published records of old church life in Scotland show that in 1677 two slaters who had been hired to repair the roof of Mauchline church received from the Kirk session an eighth of a pound for drink for every pound of wages, and that in 1674 the Kirk session set apart the sum of sixteen shillings "for ale to Agnes Hunter on her death-bed."

—Under date of July 1, 1514, the painter Raphael wrote to his cousin: "In reference to taking a wife, I reply that I am quite content in respect to her whom you first wished to give me, and I thank God constantly that I took neither her nor another. And in this I was wiser than you, who wished me to take her."

—The late General Gordon: "I must say I hate our diplomatists. I think, with a few exceptions, they are arrant humbugs; and I expect they know it."

—It is pleasant to note the following in the *Saturday Review*: "In portraiture, still-life, genre, and especially in landscape, at the Salon, we see enough boldness and enough sincere personal observation of nature to refute the often expressed fear of an 'atelier' system of education. Bonnât, for example, has certainly not inspired that striking and audacious piece of imagination and vigorous personal handling, 'Le Dernier Voyage' of E. L. Weeks, though he doubtless inculcated that habit of observation by masses and that attention to delicate values which have enabled the young American to realize his strange Oriental dream in such a bold and original manner."

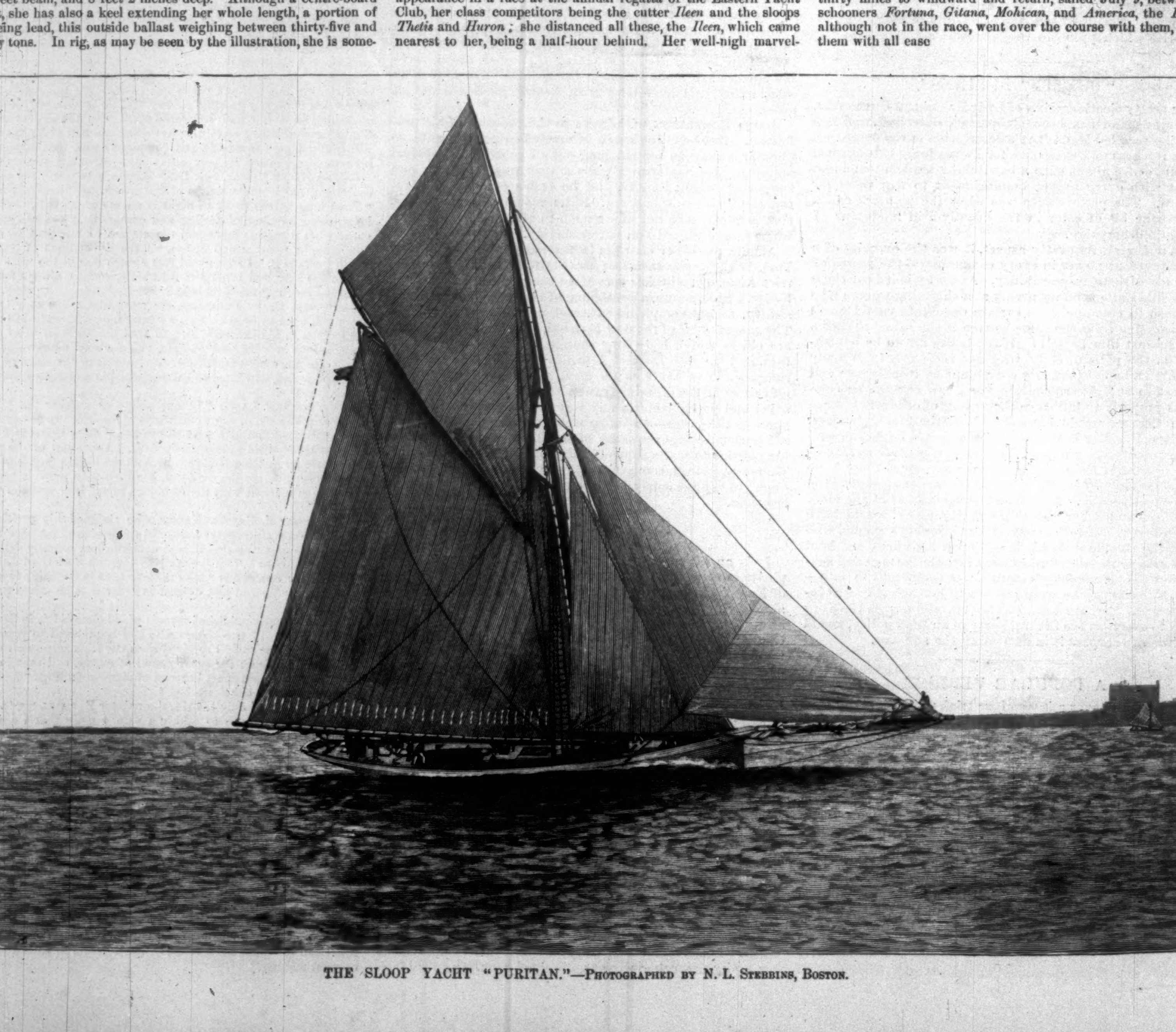
THE LATE COMMANDER GORRINGE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDERSON.—[SEE PAGE 463.]

A. E. STEVENSON, FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 463.]

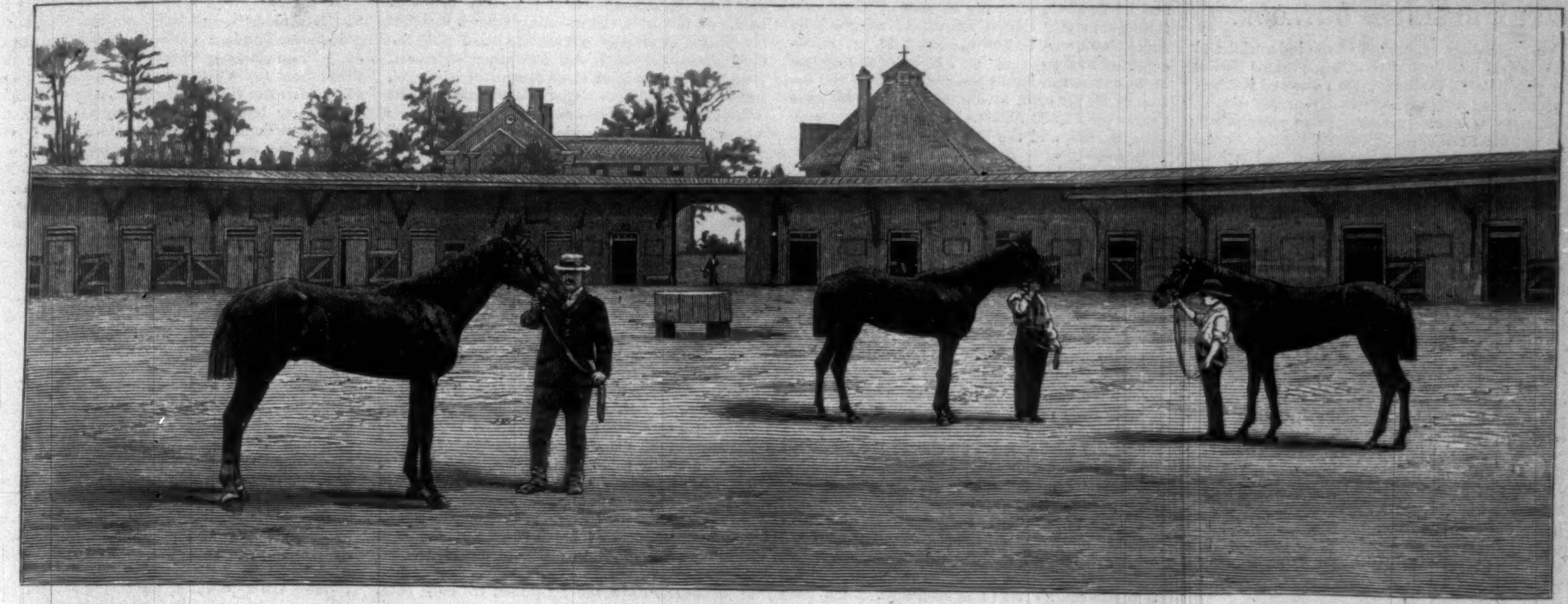
THE "PURITAN."

THE centre-board sloop yacht *Puritan*, of which a picture is given on this page, was built at South Boston by GEORGE LAWLEY & SON, from a design by BURGESS BROTHERS, of Boston, and by order of several gentlemen of the Eastern Yacht Club, as a possible competitor of the British cutter *Genesta* for the *America's* Cup. She was launched May 26. She is 93 feet over all, 80 feet water-line, 23 feet beam, and 8 feet 2 inches deep. Although a centre-board boat, she has also a keel extending her whole length, a portion of it being lead, this outside ballast weighing between thirty-five and forty tons. In rig, as may be seen by the illustration, she is somewhat like a cutter, having the short mast, long topmast, and long gaff of that rig, but with standing bowsprit. Thus, with the partial cutter rig and outside ballast, she has the beam of the centre-board, the depth and keel of the keel sloop, and the board of the "skimming dish."

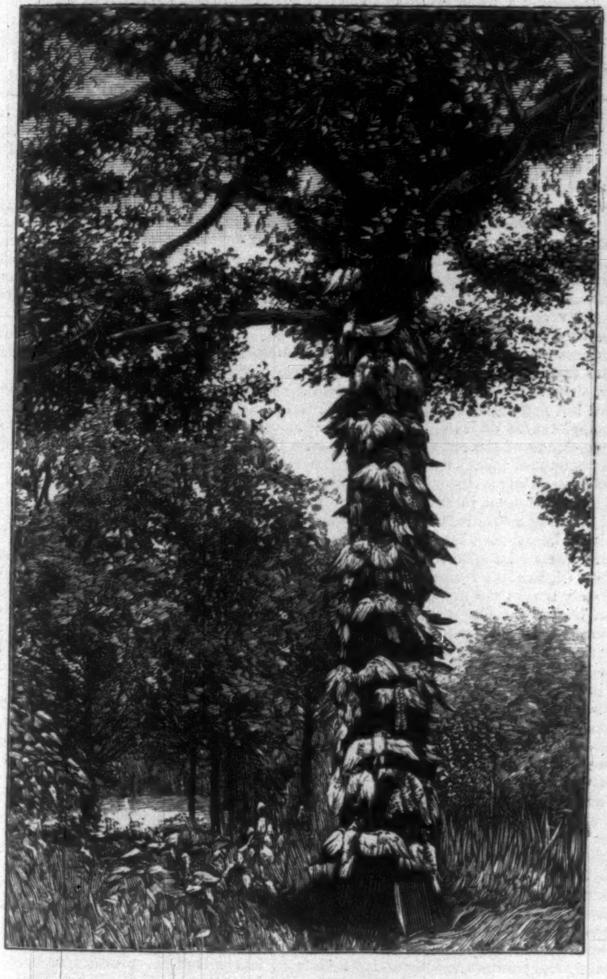
Critics who examined her while she was upon the stocks said that it was impossible for such a combination to be successful; but the boat has confounded the critics. She made her first appearance in a race at the annual regatta of the Eastern Yacht Club, her class competitors being the cutter *Ileen* and the sloops *Thetis* and *Huron*; she distanced all these, the *Ileen*, which came nearest to her, being a half-hour behind. Her well-nigh marvelious speed can only be shown by comparison with the fastest of the schooners—the *Fortuna*, a yacht eleven feet longer than the *Puritan*. The course was a triangle—five miles before the wind, five miles reaching, a point free, and five miles to windward, this course to be sailed over twice. She held her own with the schooner on the first two sides of the triangle, and worked right away from her in the weather work, beating her more than thirteen minutes over the thirty-mile course. On the occasion of a sweepstakes, thirty miles to windward and return, sailed July 9, between the schooners *Fortuna*, *Gitana*, *Mohican*, and *America*, the *Puritan*, although not in the race, went over the course with them, beating them with all ease



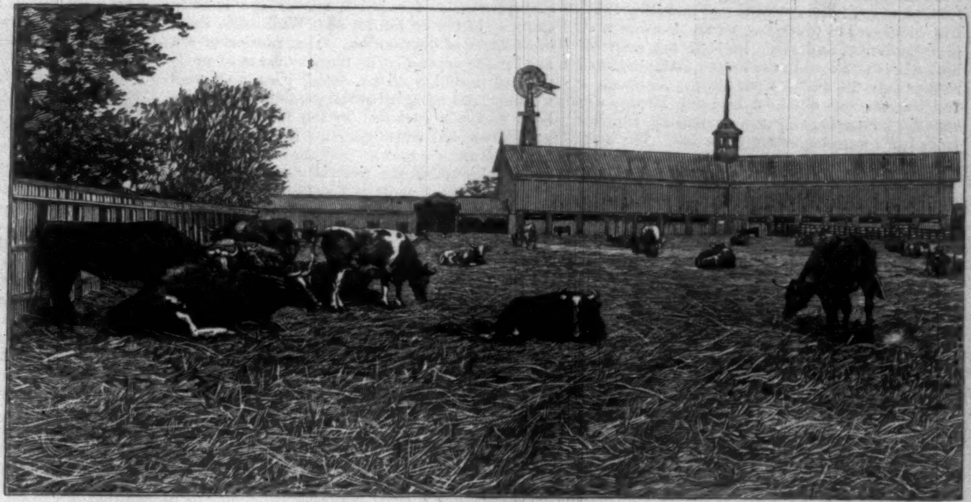
THE SLOOP YACHT "PURITAN."—PHOTOGRAPHED BY N. L. STEBBINS, BOSTON.



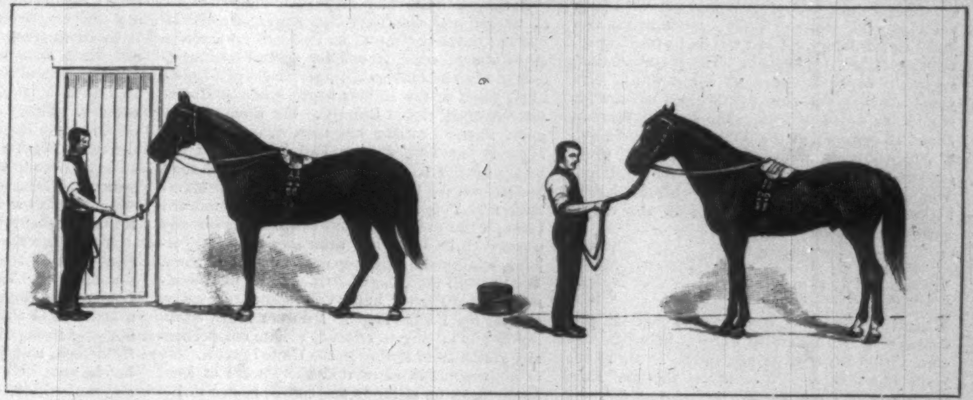
THE RACING STABLES.



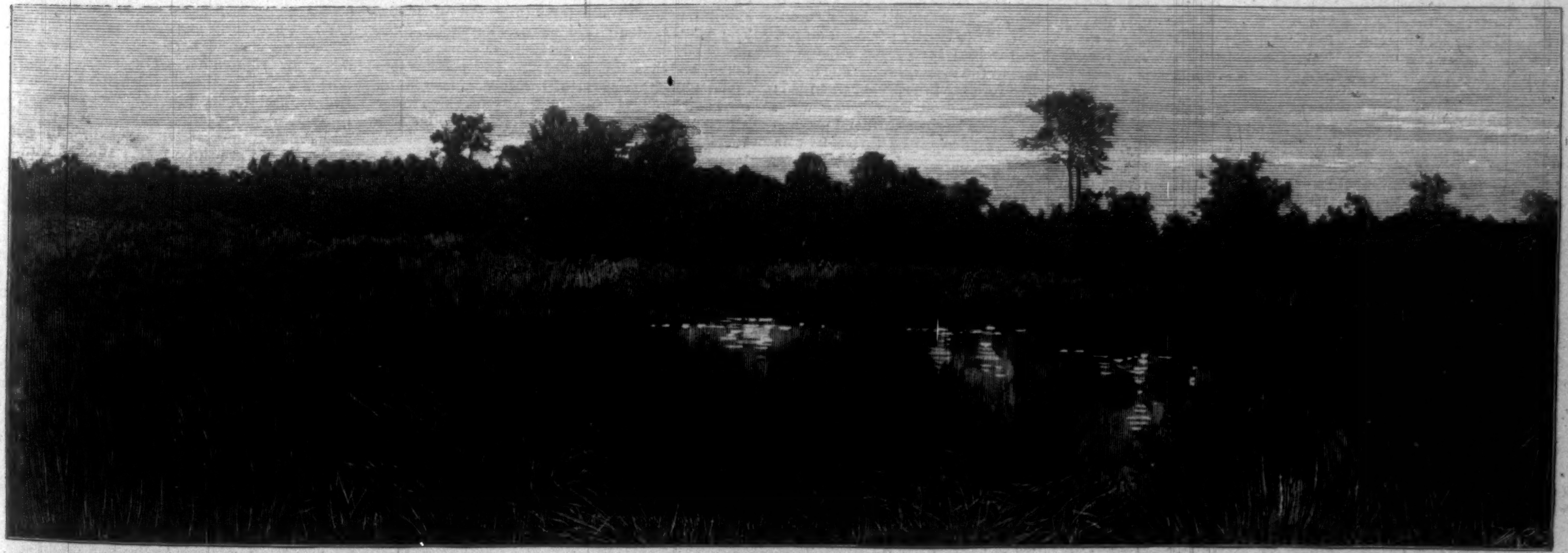
THE HAWK TREE.



BARN AND CATTLE.



IROQUOIS. MORTEMER.



THE GAME PRESERVE.

THE RANCOCAS STOCK FARM.—[SEE PAGE 458.]

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

The enormous expansion of the industrial and agricultural interests of the United States during the years 1879, 1880, and 1881 showed signs of a pronounced reaction late in the year last named. The business interests were slow to recognize it, and not until the close of 1882 did the continued restriction in demand for manufactured articles and the very general decline in prices become clearly apparent. During the latter portion of 1884 the marked shrinkage in industrial production in staple lines, the great decline in prices, a conspicuous falling away in demand for artisans, the reduced rates of wages, and a restricted volume of general merchandise distributed were generally recognized, and the claim was frequently advanced that the period of depression had reached its limit, and an era of at least comparative prosperity was at hand.

The many times intensified inquiry now goes out once more, Has the extreme limit of the depression of the producing and distributing interests been reached?

It goes without saying that an extended inquiry into some of the underlying causes of the checks received by trade and industry, a measure of the extent to which they have travelled, and the effects which have been produced, as compared with the corresponding data prior to the decline as well as at the period of highest development, must of necessity go far toward rendering a fairly satisfactory reply possible.

The initial check came through the agricultural interest. The extension and construction of railways through the great grain-growing regions had been crowded under high pressure. Europe, for a number of years prior to and including 1881, had succeeded in producing an under-average of grain, potatoes, and rye. In 1881 the crops of both wheat and corn in the United States declined respectively 20 and 30 per cent. Although a full harvest was obtained in 1882, Europe was equally fortunate, and the increasing supplies from India were beginning to be felt. The average European wheat production in 1882 and 1883 was over twenty-four million bushels in excess of the average total production from 1874 to 1881. The rye and potato crops abroad have been above previous averages, and being used to a greater extent for food than in the United States, the demand for our grain abroad decreased. Increased consumption, due to low prices and a growing population at home, will account for a portion of the decline in exports of grain; but our railways in 1879, and again in 1880, carried 146,000,000 bushels each year to sea-board for export, as compared with 71,000,000 and 79,000,000 bushels respectively in 1883 and in 1884. The increased annual demand for wheat for domestic consumption (1884 as compared with 1880) could not have exceeded 32,000,000 bushels, which points to a falling away in the volume of this class of freight offered the Granger and Eastern trunk line railways of 30 per cent. in 1883 as against 1879, and of 22 per cent. in 1884 as against 1880. In 1879 and 1880 the total quantity of corn carried East and exported (two years) was 202,000,000 bushels, while in the two years ended January 1 last the corresponding total was 93,000,000 bushels. The increased consumption of Indian corn at home within four years has been sufficient to cut down the net decline in exported surplus in the last two years to about 42 per cent. of the total in 1879 and 1880. The percentages of declines in export of grain (reduced totals of freight offered the East and West trunk lines) are compared with the decline in prices since 1882, just prior to the visible shrinkage, as follows:

Per Bushel.	1882. July.	1883. July.	1884. Lowest.	1885. April.
Wheat*.........	$1 25	$1 33	81¼c.	90¼c.
Indian corn†....	84⅜	59	48	49⅜

Whence the striking fact is noted that the percentages of shrinkage in exports of wheat and corn within three years are almost equal to the percentages of decline in prices therefor since the course of the latter has been downward.

The severity of the check to prosperity in agriculture in the grain-growing regions is thus seen to have reacted first on the railways tributary thereto. This in turn had a direct and an unfavorable influence on the iron and steel industries, but the more immediate result was a decreased demand for general merchandise, for textiles, and other products of Eastern manufacture, which showed itself in a declining volume of trade and of prices.

A primary measure of the downward movement in the interchange of products is found in a comparison of prices of staple articles, from which it appears that between July, 1882, and April, 1885, cotton cloths have declined 19 per cent., woollens 12½, Southern pig-iron 15, Eastern refined bar iron 33, steel rails 47, and coal 17.

The comparative immunity from shrinkage in prices apparently enjoyed by woollen goods is not real, and it will be recalled that raw cotton fell away 11$\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. from 1882 to April, 1885, and cotton fabrics fully 19 per cent. Raw wool, on the other hand, suffered the brunt of the decline, recording a drop of 21.8 per cent., while standard woollen fabrics lost 12½ per cent. in price in the same period; so that the total depreciation in prices of both the crude and manufactured articles in reality shows to the advantage of cotton. But of fabrics made from the latter the production is about 25 per cent. less, while of woollen staples noticeably less.

The period covered by the years 1880–83 was marked by a great expansion of commercial credits, and the contraction in ability to consume, and necessarily in the volume of goods purchased, resulted, therefore, in a more than correspondingly heavy expansion of the commercial mortality list. The effects of this began to be noticed in 1883, when the number of mercantile failures in the United States, as reported by *Bradstreet's*, was 10,299, against 7635 in 1882—a gain of 31.6 per cent., or 1 in every 82 engaged in business, the liabilities increasing to the extent of 88 per cent. at the same time. In 1884 there were 11,620 failures, or 12.8 per cent. more than in 1883, and the liabilities jumped upward 41 per cent.

These wrecks, following and further stimulating a hand-to-mouth system of purchases in place of a generous anticipation of possible wants, had the effect to be expected on railway earnings, and ultimately on prices of railway shares. East-bound railway freight rates from Chicago had by June fallen away an average of 50 per cent. as compared with 1882, and the volume of grain, flour, and provisions shipments eastward about 15 per cent.

Of the leading railways reaching Chicago from the West, those best (least speculatively) managed have shown a fall in share quotations averaging from 14 to 19 per cent., and others whose stocks had been crowded upward in price by manipulation have receded 30 and 45 per cent. In this one finds a striking correspondence to the percentages of decline in prices (reflected in freight reduction) and in the volume of freight carried. It is not probable that the disastrous effect of the industrial and commercial depression on the railways, combined with extravagant and ill-advised methods of construction and operation, has run its full force even now, as has been shown by the declining net earnings of leading trunk lines recently made public.

The losses to railways in earnings have not been due alone to the decreased volume of grain and provisions forwarded, nor to the smaller quantity of textile fabrics sent West from Eastern centres of distribution. That portion of the local traffic dependent on the movement of products of machine shops, wood, iron, and steel working, and other industrial establishments, has been seriously curtailed by the falling away in production and consumption. And it is in our manufacturing industries that one may most readily trace the restricted activity of the past two years.

Investigations made last winter indicated that in 90 per cent. of the manufacturing industries throughout the country at least 350,000 fewer employés (adult) were at work than in 1880, or about 13 per cent. of the whole number five years ago. Another inquiry, suggested by the above, the results of which were published in March last, brought into startling relief the wide and severe losses of wages sustained by industrial employés remaining at work. Wages paid to workers in blast-furnaces had been reduced, by one or several of the plans noted, from 10 to 15 per cent., iron mills, 15 to 20, steel rail mills, 20 to 30 per cent., and in other iron and steel lines, 10 to 15 per cent. Cotton goods operatives' wages had declined 25 to 30 per cent. for like reasons, woollen goods wages the same, operatives in clothing, 10 and 15 per cent., and on silk goods, 15 and 25 per cent. Coal miners' wages had gone off 20 and 40 per cent. within three years.

In the mean time strikes, those living measures of unrest and dissatisfaction among industrial workers, have become of so frequent occurrence as to almost cease to call for special comment, except when assuming the tragic phases of a Hocking Valley, or the serious aspects of the street-car employés' riot at Chicago. For three years a great wave of strikes has been rising and falling. It has surged from Fall River down the valley of the Hudson, across the iron and steel States, into the bituminous coal regions of Maryland and Pennsylvania and Ohio, and onward through the great commonwealths lying directly west, until its force has been largely spent, perhaps, among the striking coal miners of Iowa. We have all read, too, of strikes of noticeable dimensions at Denver, in the Colorado coal country, and on the Pacific slope. I do not recall learning of any intelligent effort to collate comprehensive statistics of strikes in the United States. My own memoranda show that there were at least 18,000 men on strike in the United States in December last, over 7000 coal miners, 5000 boot and shoe makers, 2000 carpet weavers, and 3500 cotton weavers and hatters. An examination of the records in the press for 1884, as compared with 1883, shows that strikes in 1884 were not only more numerous, but that the number so engaged averaged fifteen to twenty per cent. larger. The record thus far into 1885 gives no sign of permanent decline in the near future. The meaning of this may be forcibly interpreted when it is known that strikes are most conspicuous when the movement of prices is downward and production is declining. Trades-unions thrive best in the intervals between industrial depression and returning activity.

What, then, is the measure of the decline, what is the situation to-day, and what the outlook? Prices of staple articles, food products, textiles, and metals have all or nearly all touched levels as low as those quoted in the next preceding period of great depression in 1878–9. But we have built up an enormous distribution agency, comprising the total railway and waterway facilities, and an overpopulation of agents of interchange, who may in general be classified as middle-men. The latter constitute all those who stand between the producer and the purchaser who buys for personal consumption. The reverse or downward motion of the pendulum of trade, so far as prices are concerned, has traversed the entire arc described under the influence of the boom of 1879, '80, and '81. But the excess of physical machinery of production and exchange has not yet suffered as radical a liquidation. The overlooking of this factor, the clinging to the price gauge of restriction, it is which has led to many premature predictions of a near approach of the coming revival.

The situation is further complicated by the invention of new and improved industrial processes referred to. The age of steel has more than dawned. It is almost daylight. The displacement of the iron rail by one of steel was but one step. And now comes the steel nail, the steel plate, the steel bar, and other structural shapes to be made of steel instead of iron, and, more significant than aught else, at prices which will compete with those made of iron. It is this which will partly explain the aggravated and widely extended labor troubles among the iron and steel workers at the West, and which places the decreased percentage of production and of earnings at this time, relatively, below all records in this country since the war. Large classes of labor will be displaced; a redistribution will ensue—a prolonged and painful process—and in the end the public, the consumer, will be the great gainer. But in this we find another drag anchor to the general business situation.

The disturbing elements among the great trunk lines of railway are far from eliminated; the banks at New York, Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia hold sums in excess of their required surplus reserve of about $75,000,000, or just so much idle (and rusting) commercial machinery. There is talk of a near approach of better times, not only when this idle money says nay, but when these sums are increasing from week to week, when the leading railways which still pay dividends are continuing to reduce them, and when our exports of breadstuffs and commodities are more likely to continue declining than otherwise. Of the drags on commerce promised in the near future, the continued enforced coinage of silver, and the maintenance of, to say the least, an eminently unwise tariff law, it is not necessary to write at length at this time. Suffice it to add that they both promise to exercise a potent influence for or against a trade revival, according as they are rectified or further imposed on a suffering community.

Albert C. Stevens.

New York, *July* 7, 1885.

* Decrease in price per bushel 33¾c., or 27.8 per cent.

† Decrease in price per bushel 35c., or 41.4 per cent.

RANCOCAS FARM.

On a charmingly fertile plain in the northern part of Burlington County, New Jersey, Mr. Pierre Lorillard thirteen years ago began establishing his Rancocas stock farm, now made world-famous by the grand successes of its racing stable. Mr. Lorillard's first purchase was something over two hundred acres, but from time to time nine other adjoining farms were added, so that to-day the Rancocas tract embraces sixteen hundred acres. By very few persons, however, and these exclusively the personal friends of the owner, and perhaps by a small coterie of turf followers, has the farm ever been visited. The public, therefore, denied admission to this grand estate, has heard but little of its excellence and the wonderful completeness of its appointments. When the magnitude of the enterprise, on which an immense amount of money has been lavished, is considered, it certainly seems remarkable that so little is known of what in reality is the most magnificent sporting estate in America.

The farm, which lies almost on a level, comprises vast stretches of pasture-land, dotted here and there with copses of fine old forest trees, from about whose stately trunks the underbrush and vines have been trimmed. This gives the farm a general appearance of neatness seldom met with in the agricultural districts of this country. There are three tracts of land, however, located in one corner of the farm, that, on the other hand, have just as carefully been left as nature made them, overgrown with a stunted growth of locusts and cedars intermingled with thorny brakes and weeds, and these are Mr. Lorillard's game preserves.

Altogether there are twenty-six houses on the estate, ten of them old homesteads of New Jersey farmers. These are now occupied by Mr. Lorillard's employés; for the Rancocas Farm is a little world within itself, and gives occupation not only to veterinary surgeons, trainers, grooms, stablemen, and jockies, agriculturists and farm hands, men well versed in cattle lore, gardeners and floriculturists, but to an architect and to mechanics, from carpenters and painters, saddler and wheelwright, to the smith who shoes the flyers.

The farm is traversed by about ten miles of beautifully kept roads. These are hemmed in by post and board fences, glistening in coats of shining tar, with not a splinter out of place. The posts are all of locust, and cost nearly a dollar bill each. Each gate on the place is numbered, and has its duplicate. The pasture lots and paddocks, several of the former containing over two hundred acres, have beneath them many miles of clay-pipe drainage. Each shelter tree is guarded with heavy wire screening, and the lower branches cut away above the horses' reach. Every inclosure is provided with a great iron fountain basin, to which the water is supplied by great Artesian wells located at different points on the farm. The water, which is constantly changing, is carried off by sunken iron pipes that lead to the brooks which flow through the rich meadow-lands. In the centre of the farm there is a three-quarter of a mile track for testing the flyers. It is a marvel in its way, and said to be one of the fastest tracks in America. Almost alongside of it is an extra quarter-mile sea-sand track for use in continued wet weather.

Mr. Lorillard's house stands on a slight elevation close to the main road which divides the farm. It originally belonged to a well-to-do farmer. Several wings have been added to the old pile, and a wide piazza, which is shaded at all times by a grove of fine old trees. The interior of the house, like the exterior, is plain and in keeping, but everything has been provided in the way of modern improvements to insure the comfort of the owner and his guests. The walls of the hall, dining-room, and library are covered with oil-paintings of the Rancocas winners and stud, several of these pictures being the handiwork of English artists.

To the right of the house, and stretching for 920 feet alongside of the main roadway, is the greenhouse building. It is excellently constructed. From October until March—and in fact throughout the whole year—the choicest grapes hang from the vines, and nectarines and peaches from their branches. The peaches, which are budded on the Kirk plum, are remarkable. One tree, of the early Gros Mignenne variety, only three and a half years old, made a display in May last of over 700 peaches. There are cucumber and melon winter-houses, and a house for the cultivation of meadow mushrooms. The strawberry crop during the past winter was so successfully handled as to be worthy of comment. In February, 272 boxes of berries were picked from 500 six-inch pots, the berries averaging eleven to the pound. Besides the tomato and asparagus houses, the rose houses are a feature, which during the Christmas holidays of last year yielded nearly 5000 Jacqueminots. Fruits and flowers of all kinds are also cultured at the Rancocas Farm during the winter months under glass, and in the summer in large gardens which border the greenhouse.

Scattered over the farm are the different stables. Close to the house is the racing stable—a circular building with a round court-yard in the centre. It is provided with forty box stalls, harness-rooms, and sleeping apartments for the attendants. It is here that Drake Carter, Wanda, Aranza, and a host of other well-known stake-winners are kept out of the racing season. This stable employs ten men, including trainers, and twenty boys.

The yearling stable is the most imposing-looking building of the group. It is 360 feet long by 130 feet wide, contains sixty-eight box stalls, and a Turkish bath for those youngsters that are out of sorts. The building is divided into three sections, all of equal size. The centre one is covered with glass, where the colts and fillies can be exercised in bad weather. The two end sections are quadrangles, made up of box stalls, which inclose the open court-yards. There are four pastures of 300 acres attached to this stable. The yearlings are out of the pick of the best mares of the country, by such sires as Mortemer, Duke of Magenta, Moccasin, Saxon, and Cantaka. The stable building in which Iroquois and Mortemer are kept is of brick, and is located at the back of the farm. It contains only two box stalls, which are beautifully fitted up. The other stables are the Duke of Magenta stable, and two for brood-mares, with forty and twenty box stalls respectively. Besides these there are several smaller stables, and one in which the sick horses are quarantined.

Not the least interesting feature of the estate is the farm department. The farm stable, with its peaked slate roof, has a capacity of stalling fifty-six horses. There are fifteen teams employed daily in the farm-work, and about forty laborers, exclusive of the overseers. The arrangement of buildings and their grouping are most admirable. The ensilage building, said to be the largest in the United States, is 300 feet long by 40 feet wide. It contains twenty-three silos or pits, 23 feet deep, with 1500 tons capacity. Adjoining this building is the cattle-house, with about 200 stalls, and the cattle-yard, where at present 200 steers are being fattened ere they become the roast beef of Old England. The hog building is 400 feet long, with yards sufficiently large to accommodate 300 hogs. The corn-crib has a capacity for storing 10,000 bushels of shelled corn. Besides an immense barn for hay, there is a steam mill for grinding and crushing, working the cars on the supply track, and other farm machinery. A slaughter-house and tool-house also adjoin the mill. It is only by entering thus into dry detail that even a slight conception can be formed of the admirably arranged and perfectly working system that has been inaugurated by Mr. Lorillard in every department of his model farm.

During the past few years Mr. Lorillard has been experimenting largely in the naturalization of foreign game in his preserves. Although at first absolute success did not reward his efforts, he has at last solved the problem of breeding, and, what is still more difficult, the rearing, of several varieties of English game birds. Many of these birds have now become acclimated, and now care for themselves. All three of the preserves above mentioned are inclosed with fences ten feet high, and sunk two feet in the ground to prevent ground vermin from gaining admittance by tunnelling. The large preserve is now well stocked with English pheasants, partridges, and hares, Virginia and roe deer, wild turkeys, wild geese, mallards, and wood-duck, and innumerable American quail. In this inclosure there are three ponds stocked with carp and pickerel. These pretty sheets of water are kept artificially filled with water by a number of Artesian wells. In the autumn a large number of migratory wild fowl are attracted to these grassy pools, and afford excellent shooting. The greater part of the preserve is covered with large timber and brush, which constitute a fine harbor for the game. Through the undergrowth drives have been cut, and here and there are strips or ploughed openings where millet and other cereals are cultivated for the game to feed upon. Some twenty-five pheasant and partridge houses are scattered through the preserve, and the present stock of foreign game is estimated at over two thousand head.

Three keepers are employed to guard this sportsman's paradise, to feed the game, and destroy the pirates of the earth and air. At times hawks are found to be very troublesome, and last spring about two hundred were shot. They now decorate the tree by the entrance gate.

The latest addition to the Rancocas Farm is a kennel of English setters made up by drafts from the best kennels in this country. The kennel is under the management of Mr. Percy C. Ohl, a gentleman who for many years has devoted a great deal of attention to the breeding and training of sporting dogs. The kennel-house, just completed at a cost of $6000, is a model in its way, and with most wholesome surroundings. Its inmates, some thirty dogs, exclusive of puppies, represent the best strains of the Laverack and Llewellyn breeds. These have been crossed for field trial purposes only. Next year Mr. Ohl will take a draft from the Rancocas kennels abroad to compete in the trials on English soil.

Altogether Rancocas Farm is a revelation in this country, and the varied successes of its enterprises reflect the greatest credit on its sport-loving proprietor. F. Satterthwaite.

CEREAL FOODS.

III.—BREAD.

What is good bread? As to its composition, it will be made from flour that is rich in gluten, in phosphates, and in starch; as to its making and baking, that is too large a subject for this paper. The proportions of the constituents I have named varies much with different grains, and much even between different varieties of the same grain. The so-called "strength" of wheat, the quality which gives it lightness, is caused by the gluten; in winter wheat this varies from eight to fourteen or fifteen per cent. The flours that are rich in starch, known as "pastry flours," do not easily make light bread. Lastly, the nutritive salts of wheat, the phosphates, are the same as that found in meat, namely, compounds of phosphoric acid with lime, potassa, iron, and magnesia. These constituents make up the peeled wheat grain, and these, with due addition of water and of salt, and with no subtraction from them, as in the ordinary processes of milling, make good bread.

From what are we to make this bread? Not from coarse unbolted flour; not from bolted flour mixed with bran, such as is often palmed off upon the consumer as "Graham flour." Such bread is fit only for the stomachs of herbivorous animals. A good bread can only be produced from a good flour. A good flour must contain all the nutriment and none of the inert silicious coverings of the grain. The best flour, then, is made from a peeled wheat, *i. e.*, wheat from which the outer bran coats have been removed before pulverizing it.

But such flour will not be white. And why? Because it contains the gluten and the phosphates which form the exterior shell of the grain. The gluten and phosphates are essentials of the most nutritious bread.

Now what do we get in the fine white flour which is the popular thing with most consumers? We get a good food, but one which has been plundered of a part of the phosphates and the gluten, and one which is therefore less nutritious and less strengthening than that made of the whole grain, less the silex coating, the peeled wheat flour. The whitest bread is mainly composed of starch, and starch, while a valuable food, is not one which is sufficient in itself to furnish the ideal bread. Magendie proved, once for all, that bread made from the entire wheat was more nutritious than that made from refined flour. He fed dogs upon white bread, and they died; he fed other dogs upon bread made from the whole grain, and they lived in health. The peasants of all Europe habitually eat brown bread—that is, bread made from the whole wheat grain—and the use of this bread has extended to a great number of the middle classes, especially in France, where they have a quick sense for what is good to eat. During a recent visit to that country I was struck by the prevalence of brown bread and the absence of white in all places outside of Paris. France is one of the great wheat-producing countries, producing in 1882 nearly three-fourths as much as we did, and the economy of food in using the whole grain is very considerable.

With us a number of such flours are in the market: the "W. W. W. W. Entire Wheat" is such a flour; the flour marked "120" in Professor W. H. Brewer's Census Report is another; the "Peeled Wheat Flour" is another; the "Steam-cooked Hulled A.B.C. White Wheat" is another. The shredded oats and maize, the wheat germ, the wheat flakes and oat flakes of various makers, the steam-cooked "A.B.C. Barley Food," are also excellent preparations, because they are not all starch, and are scientifically prepared.

A certain education of the eye is required to reconcile those who have been brought up on white bread to take kindly to the dark. But entire wheat bread may be made just as light as any other, and it has a flavor which will be preferred to any other by a delicate palate. Some of the cereal foods I have mentioned are partly cooked by steam heat during the process of manufacture, and are by so much the more convenient for the housekeeper; this is the case with some of the breakfast dishes, as the shredded oats and maize. Oats have great nutritive value; and any of the preparations named represent nearly the whole value of the grain. The peeled wheat flour is an article which one could use all his life, and need no other breadstuff except for variety's sake.

The more especially delicate breads, such as the Vienna Semmel-Brod, famous the world over, are not produced in perfection here; the Austrian grain, the climate, the baking processes, are not the same as ours. "A rich reddish-brown crust, a delicately shaded, yellowish-white crumb, always light, evenly porous, free from acidity in taste or aroma, faintly sweet without the addition of saccharine matter, slightly and pleasantly fragrant, and never cloying upon the appetite"—who that has been to Vienna will forget the "Kaiser-Semmel" thus accurately and invitingly described? In it the necessity and the luxury of cereal food are combined. Nothing can be more delicious than these rolls; they are worth a journey to Vienna. And yet the peeled wheat flour makes a bread which is a better, because a completer, food. I may add that with such well-glutenized flour no night work is needed. The dough, or sponge, must be set immediately after breakfast; the flour is very quick, and the baking should be done by the middle of the afternoon.

I have spoken of the use of cereal foods in health. In certain diseases, as especially in diabetes, it is important to exclude sugar and starch from the bill of fare; but as this implies cutting off bread as bread is generally made, it becomes to many the most difficult and distressing part of the treatment. Such invalids have a resource in the whole wheat gluten bread, made out of flour from which the starch has been removed. Gluten bread is at once very nutritious, and free from the qualities of the ordinary bread that are injurious to the diabetic patient.

What is *stale* bread? "The stale crumb," says Professor Horsford, who has experimented upon this matter, "may be regarded as a frame-work of gluten, coated with glassy, dried starch, not readily dissolved by the saliva. But by heating the watery hydration of the gluten is driven out, the starch is moistened, and the whole crumb, recovering the elasticity of fresh bread, is palatable. On cooling, the water is withdrawn from the starch and restored to the gluten, and the bread becomes stale." Now as stale bread is the most easily digestible, it deserves to be restored to palatability, and this is easily done by reheating it, as we have seen. It should be done in a covered dish, so as to prevent undue loss of moisture. Thus reheated, it renews its youth, but does not resume the qualities that make fresh bread indigestible. It is thus possible to combine the taste of fresh bread with the virtues of stale bread, and the experiment is one that should be familiar in every house where cereal foods continue to be the staff of life.

Titus Munson Coan, M.D.

OLD ELMS ON THE BATTERY.

No city has so pleasant a summer retreat within its own limits as New York: no other city has a Battery. Neglected and almost forgotten as it seems to have been for so many years, shorn of some of its attractions by the encroachments of trade, abandoned to the wandering immigrant and the stranger, it has still retained many of the charms that solaced the leisure of our ancestors. It has an unrivalled sea-view, stretching far down almost to the Narrows, and up the Hudson almost to the Palisades. The sea-wind comes freshly over its green carpet and its growing shrubbery, and in the hot summer nights a host of men, women, and children often fill it to repletion, and find some refreshment in its air and water. Then the steamers rush by with glittering lights, the river ripples against the embankment, and the plash of the waves is incessant; sometimes a band in the music-stand pours out the melodious fancies of Strauss and Wagner: ears that have seldom before caught the unaccustomed sound listen with delight, and if the moon hangs over the western sky, our prosaic Battery is transformed into a scene of Shakespearean beauty.

But its chief charm is its ancient trees. Several of them are not far from a hundred years old. Drayton, of South Carolina, who visited New York in 1794, describes the pleasant appearance of the Battery, and has left a sketch of it. At that time it was only a narrow strip of green, reaching little beyond what is now State Street. But the intelligent traveller noticed that it was already planted with two rows of elm-trees. They were as yet small and insignificant, but Drayton assures his readers that when they grow to a large size they will afford a lasting and delightful shade. He was a faithful prophet. The double row of elm-trees grew into a fine and graceful company. For ninety years, at least, they have adorned the Battery, the living witnesses of the taste and public spirit of our ancestors. A few of them still remain. Tall, venerable, majestic, they still stand as they have stood for three generations, looking down upon the fading races that wander beneath their shade. Several of these aged elms are of rare beauty; some seem almost perfect in health and stature; others are fading, and evidently soon to die. It would be well if we could fix them forever in our memories, and transmit to posterity their venerable forms as they slowly faded away.

Their mighty branches, their whispering leaves, seem to tell us the story of our past. These ancient trees looked down upon New York when it was a small city, a provincial town, overshadowed by several of its neighbors. They were planted not long after the close of the war. They saw the first steps in that rapid growth that soon after the Revolution placed New York at the front of all its sister cities. The adoption of the new Constitution in 1788 and the foundation of a nation made it the centre of a wide trade. The dull provincial town that had slumbered under the English rule rose almost at once into an important capital under the first impulses of freedom. Never was its growth so rapid. It rose from a population of 30,000 in 1785 to 60,000 in 1800. The people were full of enterprise. New streets were opened, docks and wharves were built; fine houses began to line the lower part of Broadway, Whitehall, and Pearl Streets. The Battery was laid out as a public walk. Irving has painted in melodious words its rare beauties at the opening of the century; its elms began to wave their feathery branches, the soft sea-air breathed over it, and its green expanse charmed the traveller as he came in wearily from the sea.

No part of our island is so full of historical interest as this narrow point that divides the two rivers. It saw Hudson glide by in his galliot, and was crowded, perhaps, with painted savages. Broadway, it is said, was an Indian path that led to the forests in the interior. The Dutch town clustered around Whitehall. The English built a fort on State Street; within its walls Leisler and Milburn, the first republicans, died the victims of a singular tyranny. Why is no monument raised to their memory on the scene of their martyrdom? Later the Kennedy House was built at the corner of Broadway and State Street, and here in the Revolution the English officers often held their revels, and forgot in a forced gayety the dangers that hemmed them in. Clinton, Cornwallis, Robinson, Arnold and his victim André, looked often on the well-known scene. Next Washington crossed the river to take his oath of office in New York, and the nation was founded. The French Revolution brought over a long list of famous names to find shelter in the New World; Talleyrand, Louis Philippe, French marquises and exiled princes, Napoleons, Murats, priests, bishops, famous women, trod the green shade of the Battery, and pined often in want and solitude. At last came the guest of the nation, its most faithful friend, Lafayette, to visit the city of whose prosperity he had been one of the chief authors, and share in the joyous impulses of the spirit of advancing freedom.

The Battery has been twice, at least, enlarged. The greater part of it was once a ledge of rocks. When Washington Irving described his shower scene, it could only have reached a short distance beyond its rows of elms. But the charm of its sea-view and its healthful airs have never failed to cheer and satisfy. It is one of the priceless treasures of New York. It may well be imitated on the East, the North, and the Harlem rivers. Some open spaces on the water-side should everywhere be rescued from the demands of trade, and flowers, trees, the ocean or river air, the grassy lawn, be brought within the reach of the countless thousands to whom, in the spring, summer, and autumn, they would prove an endless delight.

Eugene Lawrence.

TO A CHINESE LAUNDRYMAN.

What dreams are thine, strange mortal from afar,
While crooning thy sad Eastern lullaby
To the low music of the Broadway car
And the street vender's soul-inspiring cry?

Dost thou in fancy sail the Hoang-Ho,
Or tread once more its banks with slippered feet?
Rings in thine ears the tom-tom's note of woe
As thou sit'st gazing at the dusty street?

Is it a vision of some moon-faced maid
Who pines for thee at the antipodes,
The sad remembrance of a heart betrayed,
Which wrings thy bosom to such strains as these?

Or, while thy raptured vision seeks the sky,
And with thy low sad chant my pulses thrill,
Hast thou a haunting fear thy shirts won't dry,
Or the "bad Melican" dispute his bill?

What is the spell that holds thee with its charm—
The source in which thy melody takes birth?
Oh, speak!— But some rude passer jogs my arm,
And brings me, far too swiftly, back to earth.

Well, fare thee well! In vain I seek to pry
Behind the veil which shrouds thy thought from us;
The riddle of thy mystic melody
I leave to vex some wiser Œdipus.

Howard Philip.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A critical article in a London journal says that in giving a dinner two courses are open, "the one to produce an effect that will strike by a *coup d'œil*, the other to make the impression steal upon the senses by their gradual discovery of its delicate detail." For instance, to produce the effect last described, a good dinner in courses, after the French fashion, and for the *coup d'œil*, an Irish stew.

According to a newspaper paragraph: "A man leaped from the bridge over the Ohio leading from Cincinnati to Newport, Kentucky, last night, a distance of 125 feet, and was picked up without receiving any injury." It is gratifying, of course, to know that no injury was done to the man by those who picked him up, but it seems as though the reporter might have added a line to satisfy a reasonable curiosity as to whether the man was hurt or not by his tremendous jump.

"At a parish church in Surrey, England, recently," says a newspaper, "a widower of eighty-four was married to a widow of eighty-seven"—eighty-seven years, that means, of course, not eighty-seven husbands—and it may be further noted that none of the relatives objected to the match on the ground that the bride was older than the groom, and that she would be likely to lose her bloom before he reached his prime.

During the last racing season in Paris it was fashionable at cotillon parties to erect a wall five or six feet high, made of silk, and, the ladies being on one side and the men on the other, for the men to leap over the hurdle, steeple-chase fashion, in order to claim partners. It must have been an impressive spectacle, particularly if any of the men stubbed his toe on the silken barrier, and rolled swiftly up to the feet of a lady, or approached her sliding upon all fours, demanding the honor of a dance.

A description of the sword presented by the Czar to General Komaroff for beating the Afghans says that "its shape is that of an old French sword." The description is somewhat indefinite. The Emperor Charlemagne and a number of his successors used old French swords which needed two hands for their wielding; another sort of old French sword was as light and limber as a willow wand; and a vision comes up of still other old French swords innumerable, twisted, nicked, broken, blunted, battered—old in the sense of being used up, and useless except as keepsakes or curiosities. Inasmuch as General Komaroff's sword is said to be covered with rare jewels, it may be hoped for his sake that its shape is that of the sword of Charlemagne, and that it is two-handed and very big.

A merchant in a small Texas town recently failed in business, and this is what the local paper classically remarks about him: "General —— says that when the proper time for resuming comes about, he will be on hand. The General probably refers to a resumption which he practices every morning in consequence of the suspension which he knuckles down to every night only when Bolles's bar is closed at twelve o'clock by order of the law. This is the General's one time of resumption in the course of the day. There can be no resumption by him in the rest of the twenty-four hours, inasmuch as there is no cessation."

A medical journal avers that it is well known that a man may have cholera twice, and proceeds to inquire if it is reasonable to suppose that inoculation, even with the true microbe, will prevent him from having it once.

The King of Holland objects to the public lottery in his realms, and would like to have it abolished. The Dutch legislators, however, insist upon retaining it, though they have so far deferred to the wishes of the King as to change its name, so that it is now the State Lottery instead of the Royal Lottery. Some people may wonder why a legislative body of standing should wish to countenance such an institution as a lottery, which is condemned by all moralists; but the Dutch State Lottery pays 490,000 florins yearly into the national treasury, and hence of its several features some are overlooked.

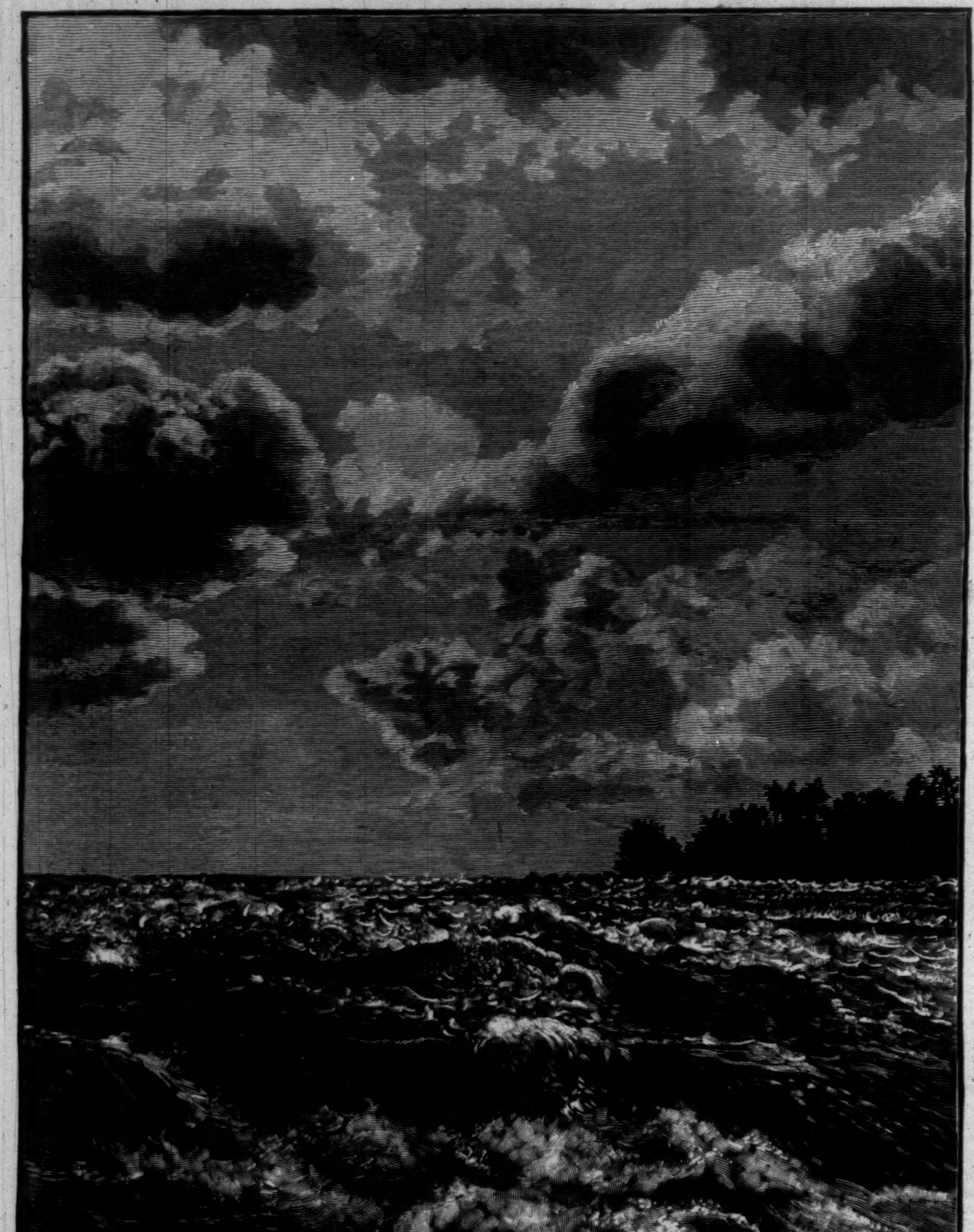
It looks as though a pun was meant by the "eminent English physician" who declared that "the bitter cry of outcast London" could best be met by providing the East End with strong red wine at sixpence a pint. Of course with careful effort one can be made to understand that there is a "bitter cry" of London, which may be the cry simply for the famous and popular "bitter" beer of contemporaneous commerce. But if a pun was meant, it is hard to believe that it was meant seriously, for one can not understand why it should be a good thing to meet a man who is after bitter beer with strong red wine at sixpence a pint.

It has been reserved unto this time for a Boston newspaper to express surprise at the size of London. Referring to a statement that there are in London 150,000 children who never go to school, the newspaper actually says: "What a suggestion this gives of the bigness of London! Our total population within the school-going ages is not two-thirds of that number." If London has a soul along with its size, it ought to be touched by this.

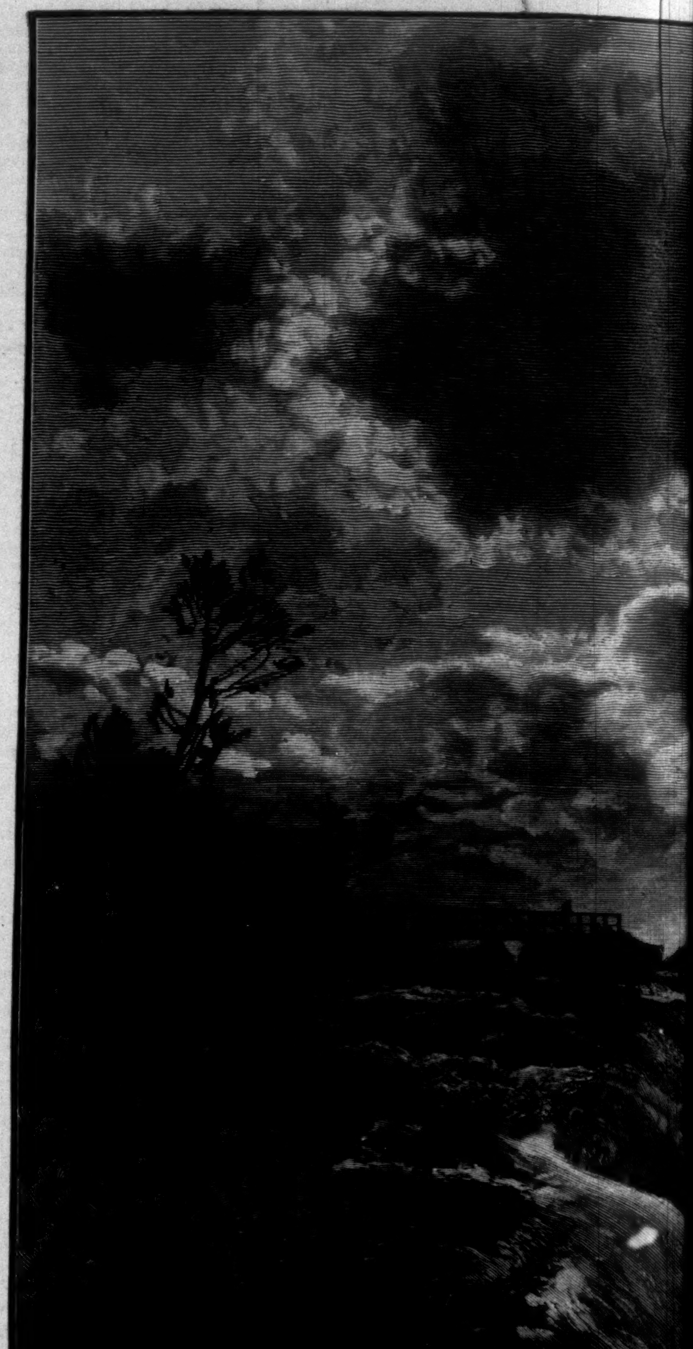
Professors of understanding of wine are always saying of American wine that it lacks body. Recent statistics from Washington show that it has body at least in one sense—that of volume. From 1877 to 1884, inclusive, there was an average annual production in this country of 18,964,459 gallons of wine, and in the same time there was an average annual importation of only 5,142,957 gallons. In 1840, foreign wine formed a little more than ninety-seven per cent. of all the wine consumed in the United States; since 1880 it has formed, making an annual average, only a little more than twenty-three per cent. In 1840 this country imported 4,748,362 gallons; in 1850, 6,094,622; in 1860, 9,199,133; in 1870, 9,165,549; and in 1880, 5,030,601. And yet since 1840 the total consumption of wine in the United States has increased 400 per cent.

Another medical journal, the *Physician's Investigator*, is out against oatmeal, which it declares makes children weak mentally and physically. Medical opinion now seems to be about evenly divided for and against the meal. One side says that it was eaten by Robert Bruce and Sir Walter Scott, and the other side says that Scotland is the land of dyspepsia. Meanwhile the Scotch people continue to be great ship-builders and to keep an eye out in the world, and among the other peoples of the earth a great many persons eat oatmeal because they like it, and a great many others eat it notwithstanding that they like it not.

An Englishman, we are told, has shown the Japanese how to set up their houses in such a way as to take nine-tenths of the terror out of an earthquake. It has long been the custom in Japan, according to accounts which reach us, to allow houses to rest simply upon their stone foundations, without being fastened to them, so that the movement of an earthquake is only partially transmitted. The partial transmission, however, has been sufficient on frequent occasions to tumble whole Japanese cities in ruins as complete as though the cities had been built of card-board. The scheme of the Englishman is to put a handful of cast-iron pellets of the size of buck-shot on each of the stone piers supporting a house, so that when the quake comes the earth may roll about under the house with comparatively little friction, conveying to it, as has been intimated, only one-tenth of its own disturbance.

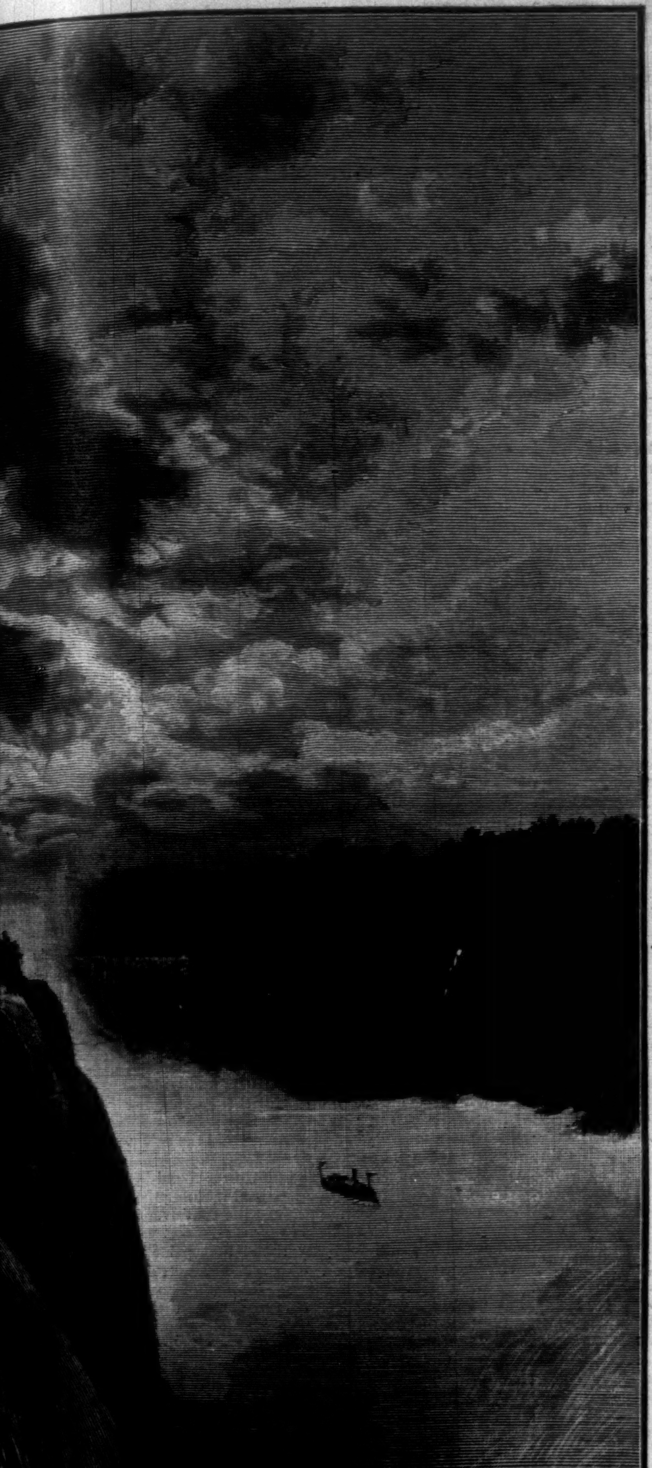


THE RAPIDS ABOVE THE FALLS.

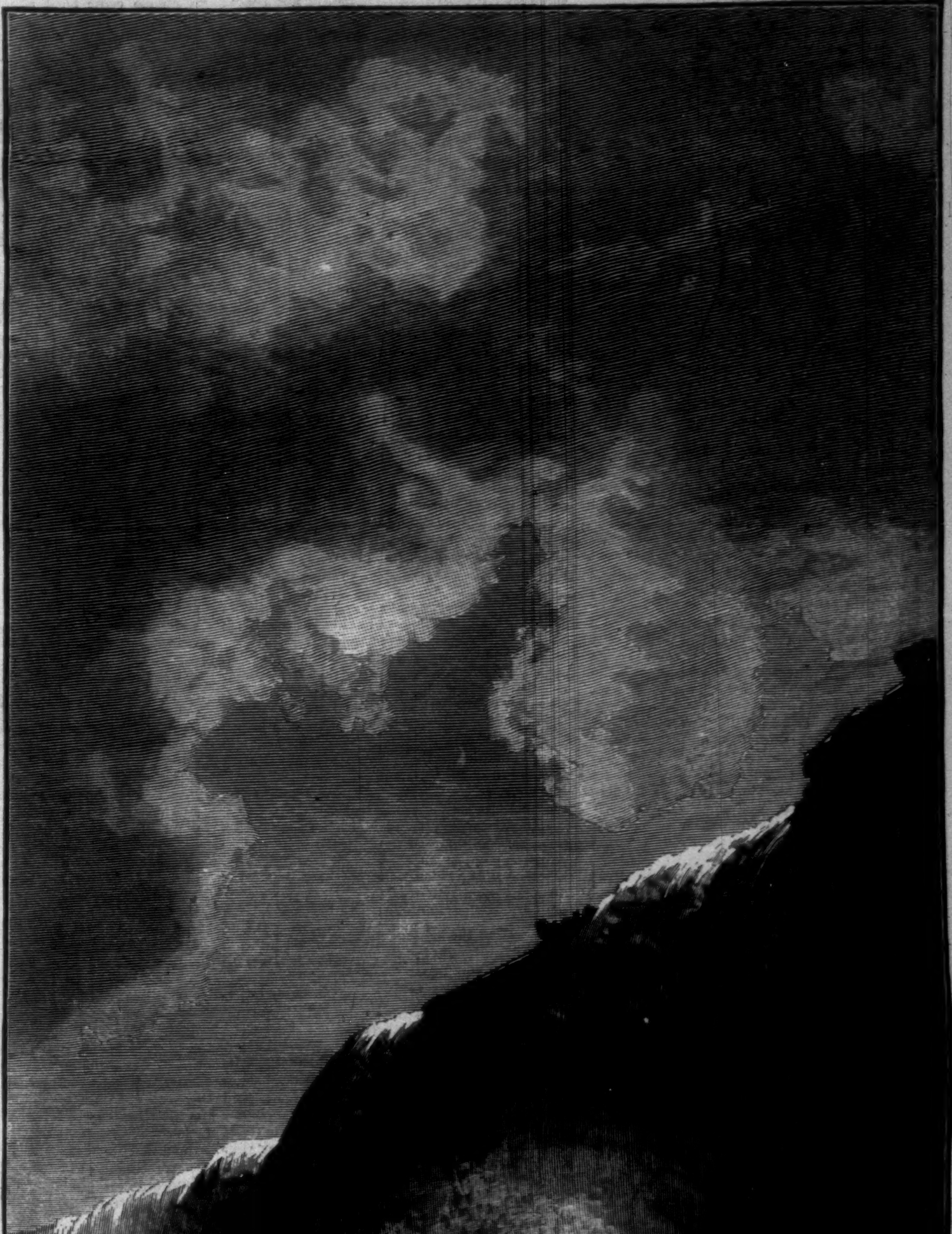


THE HORSESHO

THE REDEMPTION OF NIAGARA—VIEWS NEAR THE CATARACT.—From



HOE FALL.



WHIRLWIND BRIDGE, AT THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

m Photographs and Sketches by George Barker, Niagara Falls.—[See Page 466.]

PAUL CREW'S STORY.*

By ALICE COMYNS CARR,

AUTHOR OF "LA FORTUNINA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

FIVE years passed away. Paul Crew was still the chief at the coast-guard station, loved and honored and respected by all, as well he deserved to be.

He had a little son now, a bonny little lad of three years old, the pet of all the men down at the station, and the pride of his mother's heart.

The boy was the very image of his mother; just her delicate oval face and pale brown skin, with the flush of health beneath its pallor; just her great soft, brown eyes, with those unknown depths of fire within them. Yes, the very image of his mother, the very picture of what Phœbe Mallett was as a little child, said every one in the village. For it was Phœbe Mallett who had become Paul Crew's wife.

She had been his wife these four years. They had waited over that famous Lady-day when the child was to become a woman with her seventeenth year, and then they had gone together to the church behind the cliff.

Folk said it was the prettiest wedding ever seen. The bride was so fresh and so pure and so frank in her innocent little airs at the honor of her position; the bridegroom was so kindly and handsome, so honestly proud of his good luck, so tenderly protecting toward the young girl whom his love was so early leading into the centre of life's cares and duties.

When his comrades and the busybodies of the village had tried to reason with him on the folly of wedding one so young and unused to the ways of life, Paul had listened to them good-humoredly enough, but had never shown even so much as a feint of giving in.

He knew his risk, but he was not afraid. Phœbe was young, no doubt, but that would mend itself; and as to her disposition, nobody should convince him that Phœbe Mallett was a giddy girl, or that she would ever make him other than a good wife.

He would not even listen to the widow's objections as to the rashness of such youthful marriages.

For poor Widow Mallett, proud as she was that her daughter's pretty face and pretty ways had won her the chance of such a good match, relieved as she must be to get one of the six safely settled for life, still considered it her duty to counsel delay.

"Wait a couple of years," she had said, persuasively, taking Paul's hand kindly, and fixing her eyes upon his—Phœbe's eyes, but Phœbe's eyes with the fire spent instead of all to light. "It's nothing to wait when one's young as you both are. I waited six years for my man, and lost him when we had scarce been more than six together. God pity me! Ah, I pray my girl may never know such trouble as I have!"

Paul had pressed her hand at that, and had sworn that if he could help it Phœbe never should.

And Phœbe, who had stolen in upon them unawares, had laughed, and had said that she did not choose to look forward to any sorrow at all; there would be time enough to look at it when it came; upon which Paul had kissed her, and had said that the best way to insure as much happiness as possible was to begin to take it as soon as one could.

Certainly no counsel was of any avail in the matter. Folk might say that youth needed guidance, and that beauty was a snare; but why should not *his* guidance be better than any other, if guidance there must be? and if beauty was a snare, was it not well that it should be guarded betimes? But Paul did not believe that beauty was a snare. His wife was beautiful because she was good; and Paul always had the best of it in an argument.

Thus had he held his own way gayly and surely against every objection. Her consent once won, what did other folks' opinion matter? So it was that on Easter-Monday, in the year 1860, Paul Crew walked proudly out of Firth Church with Phœbe Mallett upon his arm.

And now that five years had passed away, and that merry little feet and a merry little voice brightened the solitude of the white cottage upon the shore, surely Paul could look around with his good honest smile and say from his heart that he had been right. His Phœbe, in the full perfection of her womanly beauty, had more than fulfilled all the promise of her bright girlhood, had more than satisfied all his ardent hopes. In the gentle dignity of her ripe womanhood, the serene pride and satisfaction of a happy wife's and a happy mother's life, every loveliness that she had possessed was matured a hundredfold, and Paul might be pardoned for his pride when he said that Nature had done her best when she had made his wife. For not only had her beauty blossomed into greater strength and comeliness, so as now to be rounded in every outline of the graceful figure that some might have thought too slim of yore in its height, so as to be softened in every aspect of the delicate face, from the quiet gaze of the deep dark eye, so beautifully curtained by the heavily drooping lid, to the quiet smile of the tender mouth, but all the restlessness of girlish eagerness and life had mellowed into the concentrated devotion of a deep character to one ambition and aim, all the little youthful capriciousness and vanity had melted in the complete satisfaction of a happy home life and duties.

Every housewife in the community, even her own most fastidious and critical mother not excepted, voted Phœbe Crew the best manager, the thriftiest provider, the most devoted and careful mother, of any young mistress in the district; while as for Paul himself, if he did not say, "I told you so," it was only because he did not choose to ride rough-shod over people's feelings, and because his own satisfaction in the comfort and peace of his home and in the love of his pretty wife was far too great to require any confirmation from an outsider.

It was a bleak, stormy evening of early spring. The daylight—such daylight as a cold wan sun could shed upon the colorless gray of wind-hunted piles of bleak clouds, even that daylight without light—had faded now, and the blast, sweeping across the fens and driving the trees aside with its might, might go its own free way unnoticed, for the time was nearly come when shutters and doors might be closed against its bitterness, and the unfriendliness of the elements forgotten in the warmth and friendliness of home.

Paul's wife had been up the hill to the village with the boy. They had been to see grandmother, and had been made a great deal of both in the way of advice and in the way of affection; but for all her pride at showing off little Johnnie among the companions of her girlhood, none of whom had any little Johnnies to boast of yet, Phœbe's arm ached badly, for Johnnie was a sturdy fellow, and, the wind being so strong, she had had to carry him most of the way.

"Oh, you do grow a bad scamp, you do," said she, devouring the child with kisses, as she pushed the cottage door open with his own little feet, and set him down in the cozy warmth within. "A great big fellow like you! Fancy not walking all the way like a man! What shall I do with you, I wonder?"

"Whip me," answered the boy, promptly, looking up with a merry smile on his pretty face—a smile that left little doubt what kind of whippings they were that he was wont to receive.

And, to be sure, the little rogue had not reckoned amiss; for of course, at that, his mother was obliged to lay down the poker that she had taken up to stir the well-banked fire into a welcoming blaze, and had to catch the curly brown head to her bosom and kiss the sweet eyes and mouth till the sturdy little arms pushed her away at last, and fought themselves free.

"You grow so clever, you'll soon be too much for your poor mother," laughed she.

But even while she laughed her face grew serious, and she pressed the little head once more to her heart with an almost passionate gesture. Why did that sudden tightness seize her heart? As she looked out over the soft curls into the fire beyond, the mouth that had fallen into such happy curves but a moment since grew almost stern in its gravity, and a shadow fell into the depths of the bright eyes, dark almost as the shadow of night.

But the flames shot up from the smouldering coals in the little grate, and the light leaped up once more in the strange, searching eyes of the young mother as she took the boy's beautiful bonnie face in her two hands, and kissing the drooping eyelids where sleep was already beginning to hang, said, merrily, "Why, Johnnie, son, it's time for you to be abed. The wind has blown the dreams up faster than ever, I'll be bound! You won't be able to keep awake to hug your dad to-night, I'm afraid."

The sleepy little voice that answered told the truth; but even as the mother spoke, a heavy tread and a cheery whistle sounding without through the wind told of the coming of the master, and with an eager welcome upon her face, Phœbe jumped up to unlatch the door.

"Well, old girl," said Paul, in his ringing voice, as he came in from the cold, "how did you fare up yonder this rough night?"

He stood a moment in the doorway, his face fair and smiling against the bleak landscape without. Then he came in, and closing the door tightly, hung up his hat behind it, and walked to the fire, spreading out his hands to the blaze. Paul had not changed in these five years. He was a thought more weather-beaten, perhaps, a thought more powerful in frame, but he was just as fresh, just as jolly, just as radiant, as ever.

"Well," cried he, raising the child in his arms and kissing him on both cheeks, while he looked fondly into his soft sleepy eyes, "I reckon the little chap didn't help you along much—eh, you scamp?"

With a laugh of contentment he gave him to his mother, and taking her by the arm, said, with a difference in the tenderness of the tone, "Give us one, my girl."

Phœbe turned from the boy and kissed her husband, kissed him gently and affectionately, with her grave bright eyes raised confidingly to his.

"Bless you," murmured Paul, stroking her hair with his cold rough hand.

She caught the hand and kissed it also, in the same soft, tender way, and then drew it gently aside to press the boy to her breast, where his head lay pillowed in fast-falling drowsiness.

"I'll just put him to bed; I'll not be long," she whispered.

And at a nod from her husband she passed into the inner room.

When his wife was gone, Paul sat down by the fire. He stirred it into a fresh blaze and looked into it, and what he saw there brought a quiet smile to his good frank face.

His happiness and his pride in it often came home to him afresh when he returned to it after a day's work. He loved his work, but he loved his home none the less.

It was the Englishman's typical home, his stronghold and his glory. He wanted nothing outside of it.

No one could say that Paul was not a jolly comrade when times of jollity came by, but he hankered after no joy that could not be provided between the four walls of his cozy house by the care and thought of his good and perfect wife. His wife and his son—life could never hold anything better for him.

Phœbe came back again out of the gloom within.

"I'm sorry I've not got the supper quite ready, Paul," said she, bustling about with pots and pans, but bustling without noise or discomfort, deftly and gracefully, as she always did everything. "I staid a bit too late up the hill with mother, and that's the truth. But it won't be long, dear. I *had* to see to the little chap first."

"Why, Phœbe, girl, what are you talking about?" answered Paul, kindly. "What's a quarter of an hour here or there! The little chap first always."

"Nay, Paul, Phœbe said, softly, "there's no first or last with me, save when the child most needs my care. You know that."

"Why, yes, of course I know it," answered Paul, half lightly, and getting up to reach his pipe from the chimney-piece. "We don't need to say such things."

No, they didn't need to say them. Paul was quite right, and Phœbe knew it, because she knew that he knew she had spoken the truth. There *was* no first or last with her.

Though certain female foes that as a beautiful and favored woman she had perhaps necessarily made for herself accused her of being more of a mother than a wife, because they could find nothing worse to accuse her of, still it was not true. If Paul had heard the charge, he would have laughed aloud. He knew his wife. Her heart was large enough and deep enough for more loves than one. So he was not speaking at random when he said that she did not need to say there was no first or last with her.

"It's a rare rough night, Paul," said she, presently, turning the rashers of bacon on the fire, while he smoked his pipe and watched her. "I wish it weren't your turn to walk the coast-guard."

"Never wish that, dear," answered he. "Never wish a man to be off his duty. I'll take a good glass to keep the cold out, and then I shall turn out cheerfully. Why, there might be fun abroad to-night, who knows?" he added, confidentially. "And I should be well punished if I were to stay at home and miss that."

"What! never smugglers at last?" asked Phœbe, breathlessly, pausing in her operations and looking at him aghast.

"Well, they do say there have been suspicions going round as to a smack that has been lying to these three days past. But they do say things often that there's no truth in."

"Oh, Paul, there 'll be no blows anyhow, will there?"

"No, no; don't you worry yourself. None but what I and the mates can give back again, and enjoy the fun of."

"Smugglers! Just fancy!" repeated Phœbe. "How can men take to such a trade as that?"

"It's past my understanding, certainly," said Paul. "But I suppose we must be glad there *are* such, or else there would be no berths like mine. And then there would have been one happy home less in good old England, that's certain. Why, if there'd been no such things as coast-guards, I should never have met my wife."

"I suppose not," laughed the girl. "You would have had more time to be jolly, perhaps."

"And less to be happy, though. I don't mind the bits of ruts, so long as all is so smooth inside, and as for fun, why, I can take mine at my work. It's peace I like at home. But come, look sharp, old lady! I must be off soon."

Phœbe shook herself. She had been gazing into the fire in a brown-study. "Smugglers!" she repeated again, while she put the bacon on to the hot dish that had been warming before the blaze, and poured the water from the steaming kettle on to the tea. "It's a horrible trade. But it must be full of adventure, eh, Paul? Full of adventure?"

"Humph," grunted Paul, grimly. "So is burglary, I suppose—and hanging."

"But they don't smuggle nice things now any more, do they?" went on Phœbe, wrapped in her thoughts.

"It depends upon folk's taste," smiled Paul. "Some folks think spirits and tobacco very nice things."

Phœbe laughed—the same low, pretty laugh with the soft ring in it that had won her her husband's heart.

"So they do," she said. "But thank goodness not you."

She kissed him tenderly on the forehead as she stooped over his shoulder to pour the tea into his cup. Then she drew her own chair up opposite to him and began to eat.

"It 'll be a bad time for any boat abroad in the sea to-night," she began again presently. "I shouldn't think any of the fishers would put out."

"No," assented Paul, "I shouldn't think they would. But that's just the time the smugglers would choose to try and land, of course."

"I suppose so," she replied. "What a life!"

"Ay, to be sure," assented he, "what a life, to be forced to live out of the light of day! I can't think of anything worse than not to be able to show all your deeds openly before everybody. I don't believe I should be clever at keeping close."

"No—I don't believe you would," murmured the wife, fondly, while she poured him out a second cup of tea and buttered him another piece of toast, and quietly attended to all his wants. "I don't believe there ever was another man like you, Paul. I don't believe you could ever keep a secret, nor guess one either—though they do say a man's so much better than a woman at that job."

She laughed again as she said it, and Paul laughed too, and said it was a very good thing he was never likely to be put to the test.

"For there's one thing sure," he said. "So long as we live there'll never be any secrets between us two. And as for other folks, even if it should ever come to pass that we had to be circumspect, which God forbid, *they* don't count! Nobody has any business with our affairs but ourselves, and nobody counts but us two."

He rose from the table as he spoke, and came up to her, and bent over her, and took her fair face in his two hands, and looked a moment into her deep silent eyes, and then kissed her quietly.

"Other folks don't matter much, do they, beauty?" he said.

Phœbe thought a moment, as though the idea had never occurred to her before. Then, with an air of conviction, she said, decidedly: "No, come to think of it, I don't see that they matter at all. You and me and the little chap, that's all that matters most—and mother of course next."

"Of course I meant folks that count first," he said. "And that's you and me and the little chap. Bless him! *He* counts a pretty good lot, to be sure. We must make a fine fellow of *him*, Phœbe. But, there, that 'll be no trouble. He takes after his mother."

"Ah! after you too, Paul," murmured the wife. "I shouldn't like him to be most like me."

"Tut! tut! He couldn't do better. But we needn't quarrel over it. Maybe there is a spice of both of us in him, bless his heart! Kiss him for me again, mother, when you go in to bed. For I must be off now," he added, suddenly, as a gust of wind sharper than the rest shook the cottage to its foundations. "I declare, there's Peter coming to fetch me."

"Oh, Paul, you haven't had your grog yet, and you promised me you would take that to keep the cold out," complained his wife, jumping up. "You know how bad you were with the cough at Christmas, when you staid out all night a night like this. Peter shall come in too and have a drop, if you'll wait."

She was stirring the fire into a bigger blaze and putting on the kettle again as she was talking; but Paul had stepped to the wall, and was reaching down his coat.

"I don't see how I can wait now, sweetheart," he said. "I'll try and come back again presently and have my grog."

There was a knock at the door, and a rough voice without called, a trifle crossly, "Time's up, sir, when you're ready."

"Come in, Peter, come in," cried the chief mate. "I'll be with you at once. Unlatch the door, wife."

With a little stifled exclamation, Phœbe went to the door. "You always neglect yourself for others," she grumbled, gently. And she hardly had a smile for the unwelcome comer as he bid him step within to the warmth.

Kindly and comely as Phœbe was, folk *did* say that she was very grudging of her smiles to any other man save her husband. That was right and as it should be, only it was rare in a young woman so pretty and so popular as Paul's wife, and when she was no longer a bride; and besides, a woman could be gracious without doing her husband a wrong.

"'Tis a tough gale without, sir," said the sailor. "I'd advise you to keep warm."

Phœbe was wrapping the comforter round her husband's throat, and she wrapped it closer than ever at the words, and buttoned the coat over it, turning up the collar to his very ears.

"The sea will be nasty round that point to-night," remarked Crew.

"Ay," grunted the sailor.

"I doubt we shall be able to get round there by the cliff ladders when the tide's right up."

"Get round!" sneered the other. "You can't get on to the cliff to-night by any way excepting up the road. Let alone that the breakers would soak anybody to the skin, the wind is strong enough to knock a fellow down. Why, the water has beat into the cove under cliff's end near up to the top even at this hour, and the tide is forty minutes at the least from the full."

"Oh, Paul, you won't try to get past, will you?" whispered Phœbe. "There's no need."

Paul laughed merrily. "I'll do nothing I don't need to do; you may reckon on that, old lady," he said, in his strong, hearty voice.

"But you'll promise not to run into any danger?"

The husband's face grew serious. "I believe that's not for me to promise, child," he said. "I suppose there's danger around us everywhere, only we don't see it. Anyhow," he added, lightly, "there's no danger that I can *see* to-night, and most likely I shall be back here for my glass before you're ready for me." He kissed her hastily on the forehead, and put down the hand that rested on his arm. "Good-by," he said.

"Good-by," she echoed back; and there was a strange sadness in her tone, born of a strange tightness at her heart, for which she could not have accounted herself if she had been taxed with it. She heard it, and mindful of Paul's dislike of low spirits, she pulled herself up and repeated, more brightly, "Good-by, and good luck to you both with the smugglers. But mind, you'll have to bring me one back alive before I'll believe you've seen any. *You* must come in too and have a hot glass with the master, Peter," she added, more graciously, to the interloper.

Peter grunted his thanks, and Paul said, "That's right, wife."

He was always pleased when Phœbe was gracious, and being of a simple nature, he was not afraid to express his pleasure, so he gave her one kiss the more before he opened the door.

The wind rushed in fiercely as he did so, robbing the breath of the lungs, and deafening the ears with its rough clamor. Phœbe put her hands to her head and tried to get breath to laugh, as Paul laughed to see her discomfiture. But all of a sudden, as he was pushing her back into the cottage, she took hold of his arm and listened, and in a moment she had darted back through the kitchen and into the room beyond. The men had heard nothing, but to the mother's ear there had reached a little cry that pierced the shrieking of the wind and travelled sure and quick to the heart.

Paul smiled. "It must be the little chap, roused up with the storm," he said to the sailor. And as he closed his cottage door against the unruly weather, he thanked God that there could never really be any lonelinesss or sorrow in his wife's heart, since he could always leave that precious little morsel and image of himself to keep his place warm for him whenever he was not by.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1490.

CHAPTER V.

The evening wore away toward night, and Phœbe still sat by the fire alone, waiting. She was not anxious yet. Paul might have been over-persuaded, and have gone up to the village for his grog. He was never too fond of his drink—she often thanked her fate for that—but he *was* fond of merry comrades, and they were fond of him. She had never owed him a grudge before for loving good company. She had rather liked it, because it showed he was a favorite. But to-night, just to-night for the first time, she *did* owe him a tiny bit of a grudge. Had she not promised to have the warm stuff ready for him whenever he should step in?

And there was the kettle boiling now on the fire and the rum in the glass on the table. It was unkind of Paul not to come for it, and it was lonely sitting listening to the storm when the boy was asleep.

But, after all, perhaps Paul had not gone up to the village; perhaps he was out there in the cold, battling with the wind, drenched through with the salt spray, chilled to the marrow.

Her heart softened again as she thought of it, and as she looked into the mysterious brightness of the fire she began to tell over in her mind all the happy days they had had together.

How well he had loved her, and how little she had understood all that love meant that evening when he had wooed her under the pines on the hill, with the sunset fading behind them! But he had loved her just the same ever since, in his quiet, simple fashion, and he loved just as well as ever now. Even though he should want to go up to the village for a bit of merry companionship and manly talk now and then, still she knew that he loved her just as well as ever. He loved her very dearly; and *now* she understood all that love meant! Yes, Phœbe thought she understood it all.

She did not often stop to think about the matter at all. Life was full of duties and occupations to so busy a mind as hers, and life had flowed so calmly and so easily for her up to the present time. But to-night, somehow, as she sat there by the fire waiting for Paul, she did stop to think.

And the summer night when he had first wooed her, so gently and tenderly, came back to her with all the vividness of a dream. Just as tenderly and just as gently he had cherished her and loved her ever since, and she thought that no woman could be happier and more blessed than she was in the possession of such a good man's life-long devotion.

Yes, Phœbe was quite happy and quite contented, and said to herself that she had learned all that love could mean, and that life held nothing further for her but the quiet affection for her husband and the rapturous love for his child. And yet how was it that, as she mused upon these blessings, the memory of the pine's fragrance that summer night five years ago brought back another memory with it, unbidden and almost unperceived—a memory that was not the memory of Paul?

A mightier blast than ever shook the cottage to its very foundations. It roused Phœbe from her dream. She rose from her seat and went across to the window.

The rain that had been struggling with the wind all day was trying to come down at last, and beat furiously against the window-pane, as if handfuls of shingle had been pitched at the glass. The wind howled and sighed and hurled its fury against the cottage, as though it would force it to the ground like a pack of cards; the rush and roar of the waves as they swept up the beach behind the embankment would have struck terror to the heart of any but this sea-bred maiden, to whom the ocean's voice could never say anything that she had not heard before.

She stood there and listened, laying her warm face against the cold pane, and looking out with her steadfast eyes into the darkness that was perfectly opaque in its mystery.

All of a sudden across the depth of the night, sounding faintly above the roar of the waves and the wind, a dull, muffled sound struck upon the wife's ear—a sound that sent a vague and sickly fear into her heart.

She had often heard a sound like it before—the sound of a report in the night, signals of distress from some ship at sea. How was it that this one sent the blood from her heart with this horrible foreboding?

She listened again—listened for a long time. There was nothing further. If the shot had come from some ship's signal, it would have been repeated. True, the sea was so cruel to-night that that one signal might have been the last and only possible effort of a sinking vessel; but that was hardly probable, and somehow the sound had not seemed to Phœbe like the signal of a ship in distress.

She listened again and waited. But there was only the fling of the horrible waves upon the shore to be heard now, and the fury of the gale tearing around, and the dash of the hard rain-drops against the window.

A long time seemed to Phœbe to go by thus in dreadful silence that was all sound, but not the human sound that she was listening for. And at last she could stand it no longer.

The boy was still. She would get the neighbor to come and listen to him. But for once he held a secondary place with her. She *must* go and look for Paul.

One kiss pressed upon his sleeping brow, as she wrapped her stout plaid over her head and shoulders, and she was out into the night.

Even she, bred beneath the storm-wind as she was, did not guess what strength was in the storm that she was going to brave to-night.

The wind took away her breath at first, and when she reached Peter's cottage, hard by, and began knocking on the pane to summon the woman, she could not get the words out to say her errand.

The neighbor laughed at her for her pains, but she promised to go in to the little chap for a quarter of an hour, and Phœbe started on again as quickly as she could.

She had to clutch on to the little railing of the garden as she turned the corner and faced the sea, but she fought each gust gallantly as it came, and dipped down as soon as she could beneath the partial shelter of the sand bank beside the dike. The wind partly helped her now as she sped along the wet and slippery bank with the swiftness of the gale itself. It was lucky for her that she knew every stone and mound upon the road, for the night held no gleam of light, and even if it had, the driving rain must have blinded her sight.

When she came to the place where the canal stops beneath the rising cliff, there, under the shelter of the rock, she stopped and listened, for it suddenly seemed to her, by an indefinable feeling, that she was nearing the presence of human life in the vastness of a lonely and terrible nature.

But she heard no sound, and, although with a beating and sick heart, she began to move forward once more.

The canal had to be crossed at this point, for there was no means of skirting the pool that it formed under the overhanging rock.

A slender bridge, made of a single plank with a hand-rail, was thrown across for the purpose.

Phœbe stepped on to the bridge.

The darkness was so intense that she could not even see her own hand before her face. But she knew the way well, and would not be daunted. She knew that on the further side the bridge landed on a ledge of rock overhanging the pool formed by the termination of the canal, and that from this point the path on the opposite shore—flooded to-night by the wash of the heavy sea, but soft sand or dry shingle at any ordinary tide—became, all at once, narrow and perilous as it skirted the base of the suddenly towering cliff, a mercy to the ravages of the waves on such nights as this.

It was here that she had implored Paul not to venture when he left her, and it was true that it would be no easy task even for a strong man to keep a footing there to-night.

But Phœbe forgot all that. She forgot that there was danger; she forgot that she was not even a strong man; she forgot everything but her fears for her husband.

And so she stepped on to the bridge.

For a moment the wind seemed to hold its fury, and she made two steps forward boldly.

Two steps only, then she was forced to come to a sudden halt, crouching down on the plank, and holding wildly on to the slender hand-rail for support.

For the gale had but lulled to gather new strength, and it burst forth afresh now in such a terrible gust that it shook the frail structure as in the grip of a giant, and bade fair to snatch the woman upon it and cast her into the water below. With a sinking heart Phœbe stood bowed and trembling, for the first time realizing that she was in danger.

What should she do?

Should she go back, or should she press forward? To go back she must turn upon this feeble and narrow ledge. She must fight the wind alone, and now she was afraid.

If she pressed forward, Paul might be on the other side—Paul, who would protect and comfort her, and take her safe home again.

She would press forward.

She made two more faltering steps onward.

She was just in the middle of the bridge now.

The wind was swelling up again for another lash.

It reached its full, and the lash came.

What was that crack?

It *was* a crack? Yes, and the wood-work was swaying. Too surely it was swaying.

Phœbe felt her blood grow cold.

She knew well enough what it was.

The wind was loosening the bridge!

In another moment she would be hurled into the murky dike, swelled now to a greater depth than usual by the overflow from the raging sea beyond.

Heaven help her! what was she to do?

It was as far now to go back as to go forward, and more dangerous, and there was not even time to think which was best.

The gust had thrown her on her knees. She dared not try to get up, but with a desperate effort she attempted to drag herself along on her hands, hoping against hope that she might be fortunate enough to reach the opposite side before the next stroke came to finish the impending ruin. Surely she must be close to the other bank by this time! Surely she must be within reach of salvation!

The gale held its breadth, but only, as before, for a little space.

Then, as in a dream, she heard that terrible roar rise slowly and surely to its full height once more, and the next minute she knew that its fury had done the work that she had feared.

She knew that the bridge was going, and that she was lost.

She heard her own cry ring out upon the night wind as she realized it, and she stretched out her hand wildly toward the place where the bank should be. Alas, in vain!

For one moment she held on to the broken plank; it slipped from her grasp; a deadly cold struck upon her limbs, and a deadlier still to her heart. There was a rushing sound in her ears, and that was all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER GORRINGE.

The one great achievement which will carry the name of **Henry H. Gorringe** into history is his exploit in bringing the Egyptian obelisk to Central Park. Yet there was a long prelude of good seamanship in his career, that enabled him to successfully use his great opportunity. Born in 1840, in the West Indies, the son of an English clergyman, young **Gorringe** made his first voyage, as cabin-boy, to London; on his second he was wrecked in the Bay of Bengal. Still he stuck to his calling, which duly took him into the American merchant service, and then into the navy. Beginning as mate July 12, 1862, he had risen to be Lieutenant-Commander in December, 1868. He had also taken a creditable part in the naval battles of the Mississippi squadron.

On his return from a two years' cruise in command of the *Gettysburg*, he was intrusted, in 1880, with the difficult task of embarking, transporting from Alexandria, and erecting in New York the famous obelisk popularly called Cleopatra's Needle. The skill with which **Gorringe** lowered the column, dragged it without injury into the hold of the transport *Dessoug*, then, after landing it in New York, conveyed it in a journey of 112 days to its present site, richly deserved the praises lavished on it.

From being a man unknown outside of a narrow naval circle, **Gorringe** at once leaped to world-wide fame. Yet a compensation of ill fortune quickly followed. He resigned from the navy in 1883 to take charge of the new American Ship-building Company, which failed hardly twelve months later. Not long after, he received a strain which seems to have been the cause of the painful spinal malady of which on the 6th of July he died. His fame, however, will last as long as the monolith with which it is connected stands in its present resting-place.

MR. HAY'S SUCCESSOR.

The Hon. **Adlai E. Stevenson**, who became First Assistant Postmaster-General on the 6th inst., is a robust and powerful man in the prime of life. He was born in Christian County, Kentucky, on October 23, 1835, and was educated at Centre College in Danville. Having studied law in Bloomington, Illinois, he was admitted to the bar in 1858, and soon afterward he began the practice of his profession in Woodford County, Illinois. From 1861 to 1865 he held the office of Master in Chancery, and from 1864 to 1868 he was State's Attorney for the Twenty-third Judicial District in the State of his adoption. He became a resident of Bloomington in 1869, and in 1874 he was elected as the candidate of the "Independent Reform Party" to represent the Thirteenth District of Illinois in Congress, his opponent having been a Republican. He was a candidate for Presidential elector on the **McClellan** ticket in 1864, and was a delegate from Illinois in the Democratic National Convention of 1884. In the Post-office Department he succeeds the Hon. **Malcolm Hay**, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who was forced by illness to retire.

The First Assistant has charge of the appointment of all postmasters not included in the Presidential class. There are about forty-five thousand of these officers, and for obvious reasons the position held by Mr. **Stevenson**, in the first months of a new administration, is a very important one, requiring executive ability and strength of mind as well as a robust physique.

THE IMPORTED ELM-LEAF BEETLE.

Throughout the middle portion of the Atlantic States, wherever choice varieties of elms are planted in our gardens or parks or along the streets of our cities, these beautiful trees are blighted every year and rendered unsightly by the attacks of a small beetle (*Galeruca xanthomelæna*), which was introduced from Europe about the year 1837. It is partial to the European elm, and is particulary bad the present year.

The perfect beetles hibernate under old leaves, or in the ground, or in the cracks of old trees, or they even enter our dwellings in fall in search of suitable winter-quarters. Such hibernating specimens are mostly females. In spring, as soon as the young leaves of the elms have begun to unfold, the beetles emerge from their retreats, and at once proceed to lay their eggs. The eggs are always laid in an upright position on the under-side of the leaves, and always in a group consisting generally of two, rarely three, more or less irregular rows. The individual eggs are laid close together, their number in each group varying from five to twenty or more. They are oblong-oval, pointed at the tip, opaque, and of straw-yellow color. The duration of the egg state is about a week.

The larvæ are at first yellowish-black, covered with sparse black hairs, and with large black markings. With each successive moult the yellow color becomes more and more conspicuous, until when fully grown the creature has a well-marked wide pale strip along the middle of the back and a narrower one on each side. The general shape is elongate, cylindrical, and nearly equal in width throughout. In about three weeks it attains full growth, and then descends the trunk of the tree or simply drops to the ground, where it changes to pupa under whatever light shelter there is near the base of the tree. The pupa is of brighter color than the larva, oval in shape, and strongly convex on its dorsal surface. The perfect beetle issues after a lapse of from six to ten days. It is about seven millimeters in length, elongate-oval in shape, moderately convex, not shining, and very finely pubescent. Its upper side is pale yellow or yellowish-brown, with two spots on the head and three on the thorax, black. The wing-covers are finely, rugosely punctured, with a narrow stripe along the suture and a wider stripe on each side, black. There are three or four annual generations, according to latitude. In the month of September the beetles commence to seek suitable places for hibernation.

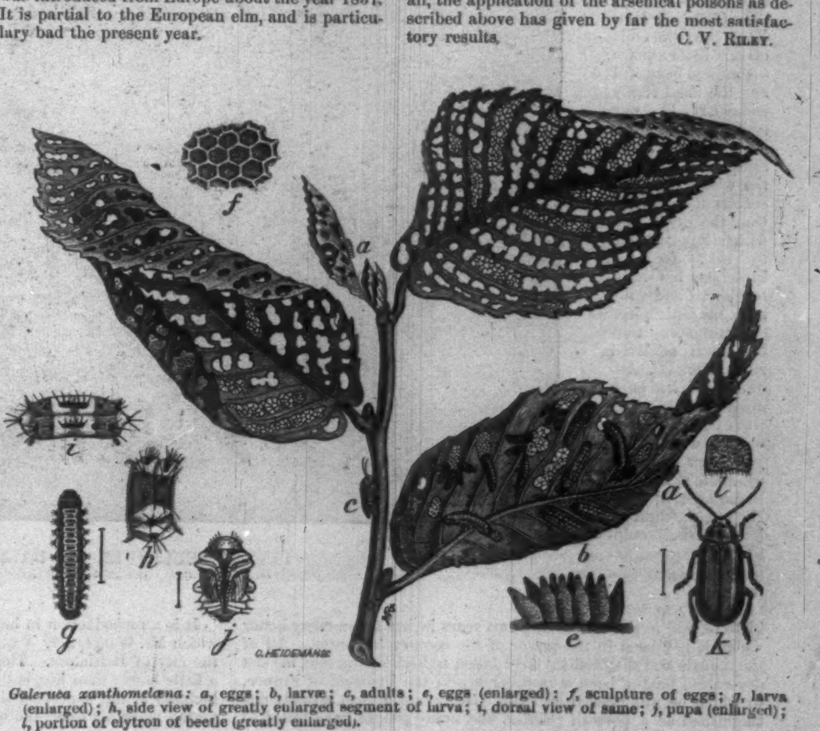
During their whole lifetime the larvæ prey upon the leaves, which they skeletonize, leaving the venation and certain portions of the leaf, which become rusty brown. The beetle assists the larva in its destructive work, but, as usual in such cases, the damage done by the perfect insect is small as compared with that done by the larva.

By far the most satisfactory method of warfare against this pest is the water application of Paris green, London purple, or other arsenical preparation, as soon as the larvæ commence to hatch from the eggs. Paris green should be applied at the rate of one pound of the poison to a barrel (about forty gallons) of water, while in the case of London purple the amount of the poison should not be greater than one-half pound to one barrel of water. Either poison mixture should be applied in as fine spray as possible, and this can be accomplished by means of a good force-pump and one of the improved spray nozzles, especially the cyclone or eddy-chamber nozzle, as illustrated and recommended in the annual report of the United States entomologist for 1883, and in Bulletin 6 of the Division of Entomology, Department of Agriculture (1885). By means of a rubber tube passed through a bamboo rod quite large trees can readily be sprayed, and the protective effect of a proper application is remarkable.

The mode of pupation under the tree, beneath whatever shelter it can find, or in the crevices between the earth and the trunk, permits the killing of vast numbers of the pupæ and transforming larvæ by pouring hot water over them. If the trees stand on the sidewalk of the streets, the larvæ will go for pupation into the cracks between the bricks or at the base of the tree, where they can also be killed in the same way.

Various devices for intercepting and destroying the larvæ in their descent from the tree, as troughs such as are used for canker-worms, tarred paper, felt bands saturated with oil, have been tried with more or less success; also spraying with pyrethrum powder stirred in water, and finally diluted kerosene emulsions; but, all in all, the application of the arsenical poisons as described above has given by far the most satisfactory results.

C. V. Riley.



Galeruca xanthomelæna: *a*, eggs; *b*, larvæ; *c*, adults; *e*, eggs (enlarged): *f*, sculpture of eggs; *g*, larva (enlarged); *h*, side view of greatly enlarged segment of larva; *i*, dorsal view of same; *j*, pupa (enlarged); *l*, portion of elytron of beetle (greatly enlarged).

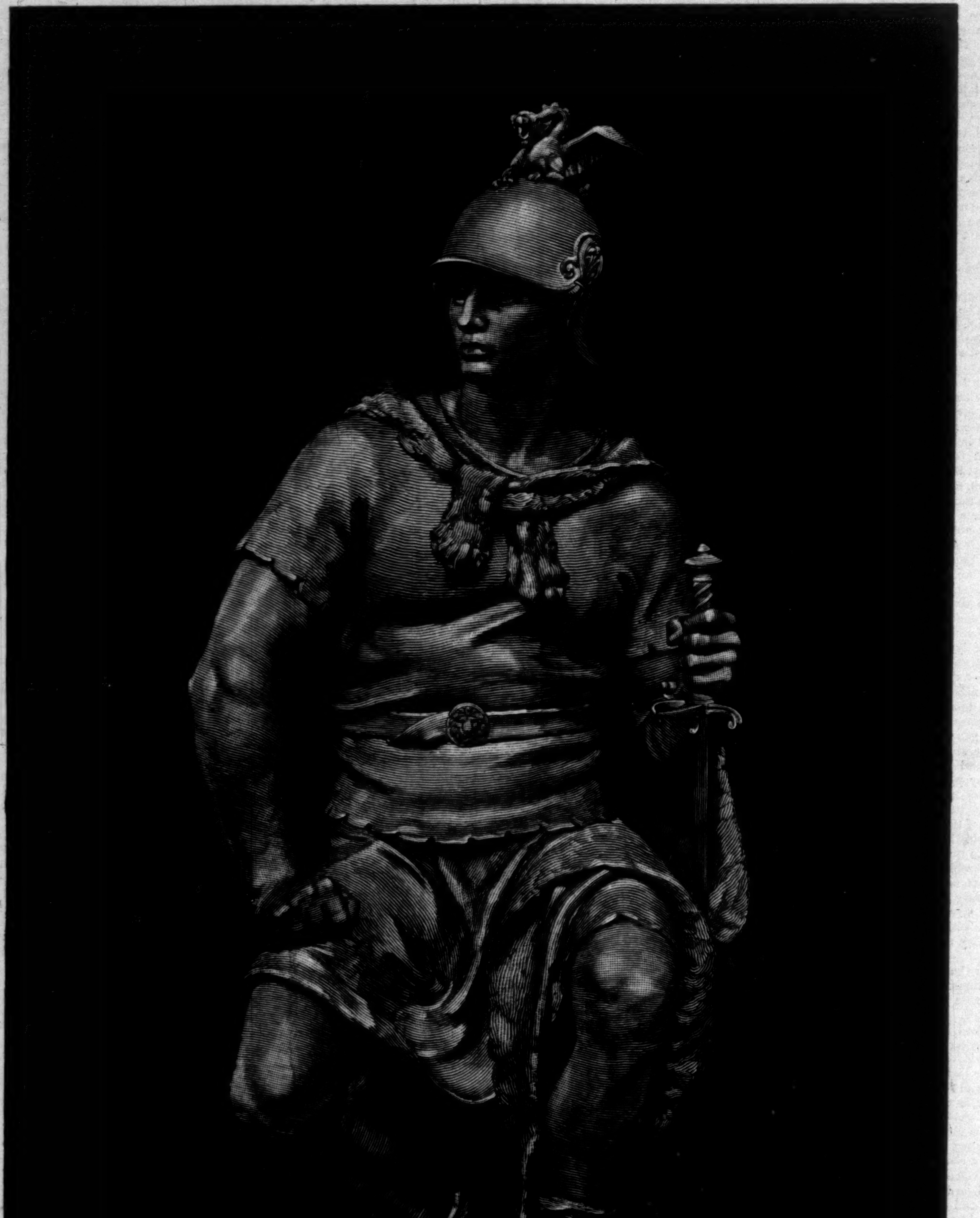
SOME SCULPTURE IN BALTIMORE.

It is doubtful if there is anywhere a finer group of out-of-door statuary than that possessed by the city of Baltimore in one of the four public squares which adjoin its Washington Monument. Engravings were given in the Weekly of January 24 of the four designs of "Peace," "War," "Strength," and "Order"—reproductions of the models which the great sculptor Antoine Louis Barye made for the exterior decoration of the Louvre.

It was of these noble creations that a great artist made this memorandum in his note-book: "I went yesterday to the Louvre, and climbed the scaffold to see the Barye groups, which are just being finished. Nothing save Nature herself could have so moved me. They positively made me tremble. As I came in front of the 'War' the sun was setting, and its golden rays fell obliquely upon the group, and illumined the head of the warrior. I continually see the powerful movement of his arm seeking the hilt of his sword. I continue to hear the trumpet-blast of the child and the neighing of the steed. In front of the first group I had met a single figure. It was that of Guillaume, the sculptor of the 'Gracchi,' and he stood with bowed head, completely absorbed in its contemplation."

The four groups, admirably reproduced in bronze by Barbedienne, are mounted upon plain granite pedestals, which stand upon the trim grass-plots on either side of the square. In the centre is a circular basin inclosing a fountain which is an exact reproduction of one that all visitors to Paris have admired in the Avenue des Champs Elysées—a bunch of cat-tail reeds and leaves of aquatic plants—a very simple and graceful fountain, and one which, thanks to the wonderful water supply that Baltimore enjoys, may almost always be seen discharging its proper function, instead of resting in desiccated decay, like those of New York. At the ends of this little square—the most beautiful and the most richly endowed in our country—are two other remarkable sculptures, making the whole group to consist of six pieces. One, the great lion which Barye made in 1847 for the Tuileries, his masterpiece, and the most majestic piece of sculpture that has been achieved since Michael Angelo lived, has been already described in these columns. The other, which has just been added to complete the group, is the work of Paul Dubois, the first of living French sculptors, and an engraving of it is given on this page.

Dubois was born in 1829, and in the last twenty-two years he has taken every honor which it has been in the power of his country to confer. All of the medals and distinctions have fallen to him one by one, his last decoration having been a membership in the Institute of France, to which he was elected in 1876. He is now almost equally distinguished as a portrait painter, and many people have failed to identify the Paul Dubois who has figured for the last five years as the most successful exhibitor in portraiture in the Salon with the Paul Dubois who made the "St. Jean" of the Luxembourg, the "Narcissus" which captivated Théophile Gautier, and the noble designs of "Prayer," "Charity," and "Military Courage" for the Lamoricière monument at Nantes.



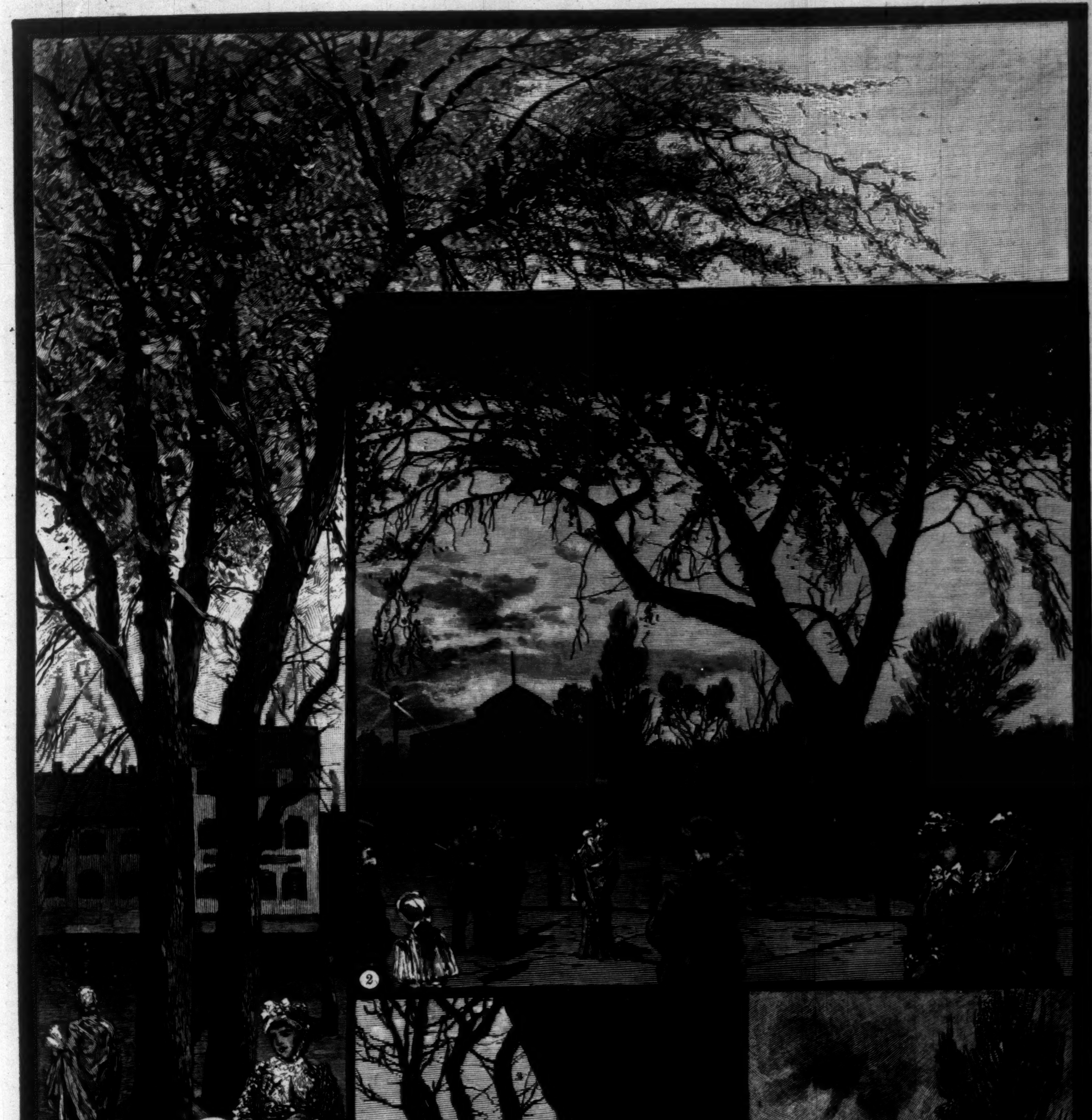
PUBLIC SCULPTURE IN BALTIMORE—A FIGURE BY PAUL DUBOIS.

It is a reproduction in bronze by Barbedienne of this last with which Mr. William T. Walters has chosen to complete his gift to the city of Baltimore. The figure, superb in its proportions, and a little larger than life, is that of a young warrior seated, his head inclined in the aspect of thoughtful repose, one closed hand inverted upon his knee, the other resting upon the hilt of a naked sword. A leathern garment covers the torso, and leathern buskins fit closely the feet and ankles, while upon the head is worn a graceful casque of the Renaissance. The impression which it conveys is that of some mythical, humanly personified element of strife, ideal, spiritualized, and subdued in treatment, and very beautiful in its whole conception. In all of its purely physical attributes it is most significant and complete, and there is an ever-present intimation as to how this young warrior could, were he so minded, rise up and lay about him. It reminds one strongly of the well-known meditative figure of the tomb of the Medici, and may have been in some degree inspired by it; but that will detract in nothing from it, unless it be a crime to do a thing so well that it recalls Michael Angelo.

There is, perhaps, not in our time another sculptor than Dubois of whose work any example is worthy to stand with that of Barye. His "Military Courage" is perfectly in its place in this group; and the whole, for its beauty and interest, and for its inestimable value from the point of view of its instructive influence, is a possession that Baltimore may well be proud of. With all her treasure of modern sculpture, France has nothing quite as fine in itself as this Baltimore group. The venerable Barbedienne, first of all bronze founders and French artists in metal, and a patron of the fine arts unrivalled in his intelligence and liberality, has taken the deepest interest in it. He speaks of it as the noblest monument that there is to the memory of his friend Barye, and he deplores the fact that nowhere in France is there any such opportunity to study and become acquainted with the genius of France's greatest sculptor as exists in far-off Baltimore.

There are many admirers of Barye in America, and many students of art visit Baltimore to see the groups in Mount Vernon Place. They will be interested in learning of the late additions to the Barye Gallery in the Walters Museum of the Fine Arts, as the different collections in Mr. Walters's house may now fairly be termed. First in importance of these is the "Silver Lion," a reproduction upon a grander scale of the celebrated "Lion qui Marche." It was a commission from the city of Paris for a trophy for the *Grand Prix* of 1865, and is perhaps as fine a piece of work as anything that Barye ever did. Next to it must be accounted the "Bull Hunt," one of the four unique designs executed for the Duke of Orleans, a most dramatic and wonderful composition of exquisite workmanship. To these must be added two candelabra in bronze, of singularly beautiful design—three perfectly classical figures sustaining an ornate column surmounted by the three Graces. Nothing finer of its kind can be imagined than this work, and it was Barye's own special treasure, and only recently passed from his widow to Mr. Walters's possession.

W. M. L.



ELMS ON THE BATTERY.—Drawn by Julian Rix.—[See Page 459.]

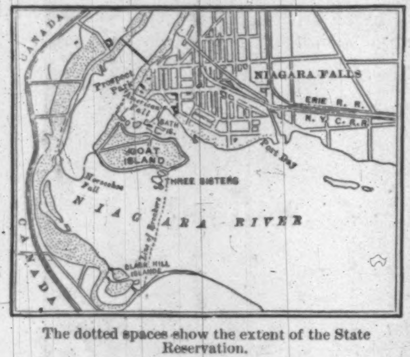
1. Battery Park Sidewalk. 2. Near Castle Garden. 3. Under the Elevated Railroad. 4. Outside Castle Garden Wall.

THE REDEMPTION OF NIAGARA.

In his Message to the Legislature of New York in 1879, Governor Robinson, following a suggestion given by Lord Dufferin, then Governor-General of Canada, recommended the redemption of the Falls of Niagara from private ownership, and he wrote: "In one sense the sublime exhibition of natural power there witnessed is the property of the whole world." The redemption of Niagara is accomplished this week by the transfer to the State, with proper formalities, of the Niagara Reservation, which includes all the points of observation from the United States side, and the Falls are now, in the sense in which Governor Robinson meant, become "the property of the whole world."

Hitherto, as excursionists have no need to be reminded, every foot of ground from which the Falls could be viewed was the property of private owners, who collected tolls from all visitors. This was an annoyance and a cause of short visits to most persons who went there, and a hindrance to many who would otherwise have gone. No other accessible great natural wonder in the world has been visited by so few people and for so short a time. Nor was this all. The scenery of the Falls has been greatly marred, and if the injury had not soon been arrested, Nature's setting of the scene would have been totally destroyed.

Governor Robinson's official suggestion caused the Legislature of 1879 to instruct the Commissioners of the State Survey to report what measures they deemed expedient to arrest the destruction of the scenery, and to relieve visitors of the necessity of paying tribute to those who had fenced in the approaches to it. The next year the Commissioners recommended the purchase by the State of so much land as was necessary to preserve the scenery, and to make access to the points of observation free; that the natural scenery be as far as possible restored, but that no ornamentation or landscape gardening be attempted. A bill authorizing the appointment of Commissioners of the proposed State reservation to carry out these recommendations passed the Assembly that session (1880), but not the Senate. In 1881 nothing was done. In 1882, however, the Niagara Falls Association was organized at the residence of Mr. Howard Potter, in New York city, of which a large number of distinguished and public-spirited ladies and gentlemen became members. This association again directed attention to the subject, and the Legislature of 1883 passed an act "to authorize the selection, location, and appropriation of certain lands in the village of Niagara Falls for a State reservation, and to preserve the scenery of the Falls of Niagara." The following gentlemen were appointed Commissioners, namely, William Dorsheimer, M. B. Anderson, J. Hampden Robb, Sherman S. Rogers, and Andrew H. Green, and they immediately set about the work. They located the reservation by selecting about 118 acres of land in the immediate vicinity of the Falls, embracing Goat Island and the smaller islands, the Sisters, Bath, Bird, etc., Prospect Park, and "such land," they reported, "as formed an essential element in the scene, and afforded the chief points of observation." The strip varies from 100 feet to 200 feet in width from the water, and its extent is shown in the accompanying map.



The dotted spaces show the extent of the State Reservation.

The Commissioners of the reservation caused the appointment of Commissioners of Appraisement, who, after hearing much testimony as to the value of the property, awarded the owners the sum of $1,433,429 50. The last Legislature appropriated money for the purchase of the reservation, as recommended by the Commissioners, the appropriation was approved by Governor Hill, the transfer of title has been made, and the State becomes the owner of this land, to hold in trust for her people forever. The term of office of the Commissioners is five years, and they receive no compensation for their services.

It has seldom happened that any measure for the public pleasure has had the co-operation of so many distinguished people. In addition to the Commissioners, Right Rev. Bishop Doane made an argument before the Committee of Ways and Means in its favor, and petitions were signed by Oliver Wendell Holmes, John G. Whittier, Presidents Andrew D. White, Mark Hopkins, and Noah Porter, President Arthur, Roscoe Conkling, and other distinguished people in half a dozen States.

The pleasure of a visit to the Falls was marred more by the unsightly surroundings than by the annoyances of access. It is impossible, unhappily, to restore the dense forest which added so much to the impressiveness of the scene; but the removal of the mean buildings, the obliteration of streets, and especially the taking away of the toll-gates and fences and other reminders of the petty greed of private persons, will now enable a visitor to contemplate the great natural wonder with keener appreciation than hitherto at any time since the destruction of the scenery was begun. It is believed, too, that the number of visitors will be much greater than hitherto, and that the Falls will become a popular summer resort. But, whether or not such results follow, the redemption of the great natural wonder from the misuses of private ownership was worthy of celebration, and is cause for congratulation.

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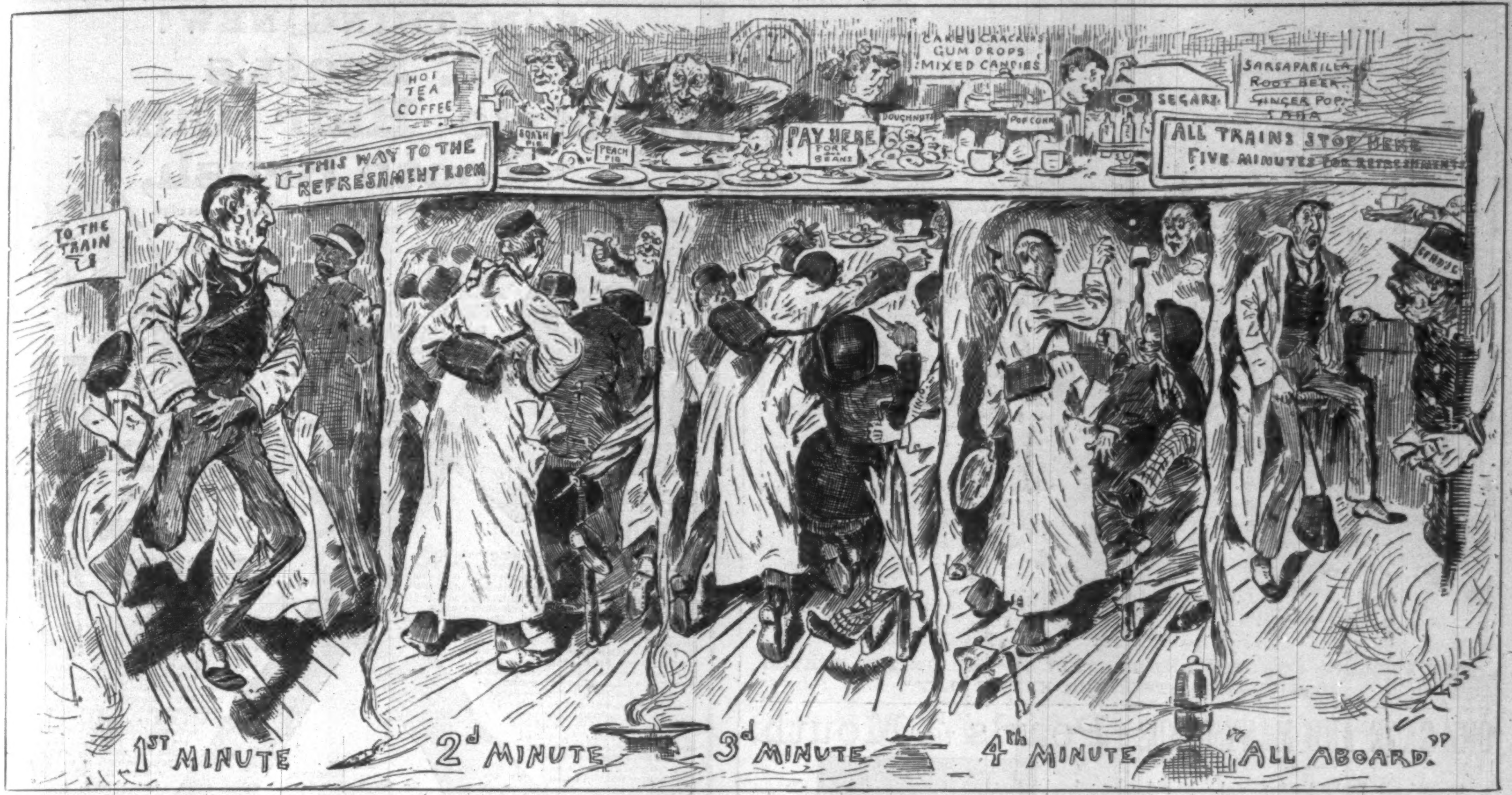
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